

# THE ACADEMY

## A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1821

MARCH 30, 1907

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### Education

#### ROYAL INSTITUTION OF GREAT BRITAIN ALBEMARLE ST., PICCADILLY, W.

LECTURES AFTER EASTER, 1907.

##### Tuesdays.

Professor G. H. BRYAN, M.A., Sc.D., F.R.S.—Two Lectures on WINGS AND AEROPLANES. On Tuesdays, April 9, 16, at Three o'clock.

Professor WILLIAM STIRLING, M.D., LL.D., D.Sc., Fullerian Professor of Physiology, R.I.—Three Lectures on STIMULATION, LUMINOUS AND CHEMICAL. On Tuesdays, April 23, 30, May 7, at Three o'clock.

D. S. MACCOLI, Esq.—Two Lectures on ALFRED STEVENS (THE ENGLISH SCULPTOR AND PAINTER). On Tuesdays, May 14, 21, at Three o'clock.

Professor GEORGE H. F. NUTTALL, M.A., M.D., Sc.D., F.R.S.—Two Lectures on MALARIA, SLEEPING SICKNESS, TICK FEVER, AND ALLIED DISEASES. On Tuesdays, May 28, June 4, at Three o'clock.

##### Thursdays.

Professor HENRY A. MIERS, M.A., D.Sc., F.R.S.—Two Lectures on THE BIRTH AND AFFINITIES OF CRYSTALS. On Thursdays, April 11, 18, at Three o'clock.

A. W. VERRALL, Esq., Litt.D.—Two Lectures on (1) EURIPIDES AND HIS AGE; (2) THE BACCHANTS OF EURIPIDES. On Thursdays, April 25, May 2, at Three o'clock.

H. F. NEWALL, Esq., M.A., F.R.S., Pres. R.A.S.—Two Lectures on SPECTROSCOPIC PHENOMENA IN STARS: (1) CHEMISTRY; (2) MOTION. On Thursdays, May 9, 16, at Three o'clock.

Professor Sir JAMES DEWAR, M.A., LL.D., D.Sc., F.R.S., Fullerian Professor of Chemistry, R.I.—Three Lectures on CHEMICAL PROGRESS—WORK OF MENDELEEFF AND MOISSAN. On Thursdays, May 23, 30, June 6, at Three o'clock.

##### Saturdays.

Professor SILVANUS P. THOMPSON, B.A., D.Sc., F.R.S.—Three Lectures on STUDIES IN MAGNETISM. (The Tyndall Lectures.) On Saturdays, April 13, 20, 27, at Three o'clock.

Professor W. C. MCINTOSH, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S.—Two Lectures on SCIENTIFIC WORK IN THE SEA-FISHERIES. On Saturdays, May 4, 11, at Three o'clock.

ARTHUR BOURCHIER, Esq., M.A.—Two Lectures on THE LIMITS OF THE DRAMATIC ART. On Saturdays, May 18, 25, at Three o'clock.

Sir WILLIAM H. WHITE, K.C.B., LL.D., D.Sc., F.R.S.—Two Lectures on THE CONTEST BETWEEN GUNS AND ARMOUR. On Saturdays, June 1, 8, at Three o'clock.

Subscriptions (to Non-Members) to all Courses of Lectures (extending from Christmas to Mid-summer), Two Guineas. Subscription to a single Course of Lectures, One Guinea, or Half a Guinea, according to the length of the Course. Tickets issued daily at the Institution, or sent by post on receipt of Cheque or Post-Office Order.

Members may purchase not less than Three Single Lecture Tickets, available for any Afternoon Lecture for Half a Guinea.

The FRIDAY EVENING MEETINGS will be resumed on April 12, at 9 P.M., when Professor A. H. CHURCH will give a Discourse on CONSERVATION OF HISTORIC BUILDINGS AND FRESCOES (with Experimental Illustrations). Succeeding Discourses will probably be given by Professor C. E. SHERRINGTON, JAMES SWINBURNE, Esq., SIR JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE, Signor COME, GIA-COMO BONI, Professor G. CHRYSSTAL (assisted by E. W. WEDDERBURN, Esq.), Professor F. A. FLEMING, A. H. SAVAGE LANDOR, Esq., Professor Sir JAMES DEWAR, and other gentlemen. To these Meetings Members and their Friends only are admitted.

Persons desirous of becoming Members are requested to apply to the Secretary. When proposed they are immediately admitted to all the Lectures, to the Friday Evening Meetings, and to the Library and Reading Rooms; and their Families are admitted to the Lectures at a reduced charge. Payment: First Year, Ten Guineas; afterwards, Five Guineas a Year; or a composition of Sixty Guineas.

### SHERBORNE SCHOOL.

A N Examination for Entrance Scholarships, open to Boys under 15 (on June 1), will be held on June 5, 6, 7. Further information can be obtained from the Rev. the Headmaster, School House, Sherborne, Dorset.

### UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW.

#### LECTURESHIP ON EDUCATION.

T HE University Court of the University of Glasgow, will on June 6 next, or some subsequent date, proceed to appoint a Lecturer on Education.

The Appointment will be for five years from October 1, 1907, at an annual salary of £400. It will be a condition of appointment, that the Lecturer will not accept any other appointment except with the consent of the University Court.

Candidates should lodge 20 copies of their application and testimonials with the undersigned, on or before May 16 next.

ALAN E. CLAPPERTON,  
Secretary University Court.  
University of Glasgow.

### Books for Sale.

D ECAMERON of Boccaccio in English by J. M. Rigg, photogravure plates by Louis Chalon, with the extra plates in portfolio; as new, 2 vols., 25s., free.—W. E. GOULDEN, 5 St. Paul's, Canterbury.

A NDREA MANTEGNA, by Paul Kristeller. English Edition by S. A. Strong, M.A., 26 plates and 162 text illustrations, 4to, buckram extra. Publisher, Longmans, 1901, at 70s. net, offered for 22s. 6d.—WALKER, 37 Briggate, Leeds.

### Art

OLD BRITISH SCHOOL.—SHEPHERD'S Exhibition of Landscapes and Portraits by Early Masters of the British School is now open.—SHEPHERD'S GALLERY, 27 King Street, St. James's.

FLATMAN (T.) Poems and Songs, 8vo, 1674.  
Flinders' Terra Australis, 2 vols. and Atlas, 1814.  
Flore et Zephyr, Ballet Mythologique, par Theophile Wagstaff (8 large plates), 1856.  
Fly Leaves, by C. S. C., 1872.  
Folk Lore Society's Publications, 1878-93.  
Fonblanche, Annals House of Percy, privately printed, 2 vols., 1887.  
Forbes and Hanley's History of British Mollusca and their Shells, 4 vols., 1853.  
Forbes (J. D.) Alps of Savoy, 1843 or 1845.  
Norway and its Glaciers, 1853.  
Fortunate Mistress; Life of Madle. de Beau, 1724.  
Fortunes of Torloch O'Brien, 1847, or any odd parts.  
Foster's Pedigrees of Yorkshire, folio, 1874.  
Four Kings of Canada, 12mo, London, 1710.  
Fox's Speeches, 6 vols., 1815.  
Franc (R.) Northern Memoirs, 8vo, 1694.  
Frank Fairleigh, in monthly parts or cloth, 1850, or any odd parts.  
Franklin (Benjamin) Any of his Works, or anything published by him before 1780.  
Fraser (Sir W.) The Stirlings of Kler, 1858, or any of his Genealogical Works.  
Frasers of Philorth, 3 vols., 1879.  
Freeman (E. A.) Historical Geography, 2 vols., 8vo, 1881.  
History of Sicily, 4 vols., 1891-4.  
Norman Conquest, 6 vols., 1875, etc., or any of his Works.  
Walter T. SPENCER, 27 New Oxford Street, W.C.

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### BRITISH MUSEUM.

T HE READING ROOM will be CLOSED for renovation from Monday, April 15, until further notice.

It is anticipated that the work of renovation will be finished by October 31.

E. MAUNDE THOMPSON, Director and Principal Librarian

British Museum,  
March 15, 1907.

C HAUCER.—A Commentary on the Prolog and Six Tales. Rich in New Matter. Subscription price, \$2.00. Circular on application.—Address, H. B. HINCKLEY, 54 Prospect Street, Northampton, Massachusetts, U.S.A.

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## A NOVEL DISCOVERY

I have pleasure in calling the attention of lovers of good books to a remarkable novel, THE WINGLESS VICTORY, by M. P. WILLCOCKS published yesterday. Like THE COLUMN, the scene is laid in Cornwall; but, unlike most modern novels, the book is packed with observation, instinct, humour, and charm, whilst every page throbs with passion. The critics proclaimed the author's first book, WIDDICOMBE, as being a "notable achievement," "unusual," "excellent," "powerful," "charming," "picturesque," "wonderfully alive"; but what will they say of THE WINGLESS VICTORY?

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The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply acceptance of an article.

## THE LITERARY WEEK

THERE are rumours as to the formation of a new association "for the protection of authors." We do not suppose for a moment that such an association will really come into being; inasmuch as the existing "Authors' Society" seems to be well able to protect all the authors that are of consequence. On the other hand the "Authors' Society" is not without its limitations. It can deal with publishers and editors on lines which are perhaps impossible to the average author, and it can "advise" in a fatherly sort of way. But large questions involving the general welfare, rather than the welfare of the individual, seem to be outside its purview. We believe that Mr. George Bernard Shaw has described this society as a Trade Union. In effect this is exactly what it is not, and it seems to us that there really is plenty of scope for an Authors' Association organised on the trade union principle. The reason why authors are so completely at the mercy of their "natural enemies" is that there is no actual, authentic combination among them.

A member of the Authors' Society may have difficulty with his publisher, but the other members of the Authors' Society are not in the least disposed to extend to him any real support. Letters signed by the secretary of the society can be sent to the publisher and the author can be "advised" to do this, that or the other with a view to "settlement." Frequently, however, it is the publisher who gets his way, even if he be entirely in the wrong, and the author suffers accordingly. Now if a collier is unjustly treated by his master, his trade union sees to it that he is put right, and the union is prepared as the last resort even to institute a strike involving short commons for thousands of other colliers rather than see their one unfortunate fellow workman suffer unjustly. Furthermore the colliers' trade union insists that each of its members be paid the proper trade value of his work. The Authors' Society does neither of these things, nor does it make the smallest attempt to do them. A society or organisation of authors with a little greater bond of union in it, might we think achieve much that is desirable.

A copy of the First Folio Shakespeare was purchased by Mr. Quaritch on Saturday at Messrs. Sotheby's, at the gigantic price of three thousand six hundred pounds. The folio formerly belonged to Frederick Locker Lampson, and lacked the copy of verses facing the portrait. This he added later, having been obliged to give one hundred pounds for the page. The volume was then carefully

cleaned and bound in a floreated binding by F. Bedford. It measures 13 by 8½ in. At the private sale of the Locker Lampson Library the folio was purchased by Mr. W. C. Van Antwerp of New York, who sold it on Saturday. Three thousand six hundred is, by a good deal, the highest price yet reached by the folio at auction, Mr. Quaritch having given the next price, one thousand seven hundred and twenty pounds for another copy at Christie's in 1901. Previous prices were one thousand seven hundred pounds in 1899, and four hundred and twenty pounds in 1882. Another copy, in even better condition than the present, will be sold at Messrs. Sotheby's during May.

From Mr. W. Holman Hunt's letter to the *Daily Telegraph*, published on March 26, it is evident that he has no intention of abating the personal claims which he advanced in his book, "Pre-Raphaelitism and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood." He cannot therefore complain if those who recognise, on broad lines, the paramount influence in that movement of its great personalities show little sympathy in weighing the detailed evidence which he proposes to re-examine in support of his own position. It will be surprising if Mr. Holman Hunt ever supplants Dante Gabriel Rossetti as the great incarnation of the spirit of his school, or if the work of Ford Madox Brown does not continue to be regarded as the purest expression of its technical theories. These positions are established, whatever part Mr. Holman Hunt may or may not have taken in building them up. If his influence was so powerful as he supposes, his personality is not sufficiently marked to stamp it as his upon his companions. In order to establish recognition, in the future, of the position which Mr. Holman Hunt seems to claim, his pictures will also have to stand the test of individual comparison with works by John Everett Millais, Edward Burne-Jones, William Morris, and even with youthful works of less known painters, such as Devereux, Collinson, Martineau, Archer and Simeon Solomon. It is much to be regretted that his venerable age expresses itself in so controversial a spirit, that he will not accept the measure of deserved recognition which he is receiving during his lifetime, and that he will not allow his contemporaries to ignore the fact that his merits have become more apparent since his far greater companions have passed away.

An exhibition of new caricatures by Mr. Max Beerbohm will open on April 20 at the Carfax Gallery. Max is said to have developed an entirely new style. It will be interesting to see whether the result is as unpopular as its predecessors. Max, admired by nearly every one as a dramatic critic and an essayist, has never won much favour as a draughtsman, except among connoisseurs. His humour is too subtle, his wit is sometimes too brutal, and his convention is not sufficiently obvious for the multitude, which prefers the blameless cartoons and blunted arrows of Sir Francis Gould. The English people think it blasphemous to laugh at what *cannot be* damaged by ridicule; they will only consent to laugh on the "right" side and reserve their grins for fallen causes, fallen statesmen, defeated governments, conquered countries, disestablished churches, and exploded reputations. It is regarded as unchivalrous and a sign of "bad taste" to satirise sound concerns and impregnable personalities.

Respectability, on whose behalf Mr. Andrew Lang recently took up the cudgels in the *Morning Post*, finds as valorous an opponent in Mr. C. E. Lawrence, who in the current *Monthly Review* writes a remarkable paper on "The Advantages of not being Respectable." Mr. Lawrence may be described as the newest exponent of the simple life. His money, if at times a minus quantity, is easily earned, so he tells us, by the writing of his "easy articles." In the summer he lives under the greenwood tree, consorts with those professional walkers known as

tramps, and hobnobs with all such persons as are sociably inclined. In winter he hires an attic in the city, lies in bed all day, soothed by the hum of toiling millions, and spends his nights in the streets, listening to the experiences of the submerged. Well, each to his taste. Mr. Lawrence likes his chosen life so much that he can see no virtues in the householder. Certainly no life could be much simpler. He who would lead it needs but two things; the first, an iron constitution: the second, a resistance to any sort of social tie as stern as that displayed by Rousseau.

The death of M. Pobiedonosteff, the Procurator of the Holy Synod in Russia, will deprive English journalism of a favourite *cliché*, and a good many foreign correspondents of a useful explanation. "The modern Torquemada" was always credited with preventing English prophecies about Russia being fulfilled. On a Monday our daily paper would inform us "that Russia was about to throw off the shackles of the House of Romanoff, the tyranny of the Orthodox Church, and the baneful power wielded by a corrupt aristocracy of Grand Dukes." But by the end of the week the "modern Torquemada" with all "the sinister engines at his command," had somehow or other stepped in, saved the dynasty and disappointed Fleet Street. As very few people were in a position to check these statements it was really a delightful method of writing modern history.

A good many of us were pleased and rather startled to learn from the Life of Dr. Creighton, the late Bishop of London, that this "Muscovite" bogey-man, if a violent Tory and reactionary, was also one of the most cultivated and delightful of European statesmen. He was a great admirer of modern English literature and knew portions of the "Earthly Paradise" by heart. He could hardly have approved of William Morris; but, as his own "Réflexions" show, he was able to separate the man from the artist. His death is a real loss to literature and, as we point out, a very serious one to journalism, only in another sense.

Mrs. Baker Eddy's "Science and Health," which has been brought into a certain literary prominence by the publication of Mark Twain's book on Christian Science, is naturally something of a rarity on English bookshelves. Of course there are thousands of more or less professed Christian Scientists in England, and the majority of them we suppose have expended a harmless necessary guinea or so on Mrs. Eddy's work. But the booksellers do not seem to stock it and it is not favoured at the libraries. All the same, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures" has attained to enormous sales. The edition before us bears proudly upon its title-page, "Three hundred and ninety-second thousand," and it is dated 1906. Quite apart from the question of its authorship, upon which Mark Twain lays such stress, the book is well worth examination. On the fly-leaf, for example, after a quotation from St. John and another from Shakespeare, we find the following cryptic verse:

I, I, I, itself I,  
The inside and outside, the what and the way,  
The when and the where, the low and the high,  
All I, I, I, itself I.

Mrs. Eddy (or whoever is responsible for "Science and Health") marks these lines "Anonymous." It would be interesting to know the name of the author. If by any chance Mrs. Eddy wrote them herself, we think she would have signed them. As it is, some good jinglemaker hides his light under a bushel as it were. It seems astonishing too, that nowhere in his book does Mark Twain make use of this ditty.

Right in the middle of "Science and Health," we come across a curious interpolation, which, while not exactly

foreign to the general subject-matter, is still singularly out of keeping with the author's method. We quote a portion of it:

Suppose a mental case to be on trial, as cases are tried in court. A man is charged with having committed liver-complaint. The patient feels ill, ruminates, and the trial commences. Personal Sense is the plaintiff. Mortal Man is the defendant. False Belief is the attorney for Personal Sense. Mortal Minds constitute the jury. Materia Medica, Anatomy, Physiology and Hypnotism are the pretended friends of Man. The court-room is filled with interested spectators, and Judge Medicine is on the bench.

The evidence for the prosecution being called for, a witness testifies thus:

I represent Health-laws. I was present on certain nights when prisoner, or patient, watched with a sick friend. Although I have the superintendence of human affairs, I was personally abused on those occasions. I was told that I must remain silent until called for at this trial, when I should be allowed to testify in the case. Notwithstanding my rules to the contrary the prisoner watched with the sick every night in the week. When he was thirsty, he gave him drink. During all the time he attended to his daily labours, partaking of food at irregular intervals, sometimes retiring to sleep immediately after a heavy meal. At last he committed liver-complaint; which I consider criminal, inasmuch as this offence is deemed punishable with death. Therefore I arrested Mortal Man in behalf of the state (*i.e.*, Body) and cast him into prison.

Persons with livers will find the whole allegory most amusing, and one cannot help acknowledging that if Mrs. Eddy composed it, she is a very clever woman indeed.

In Mr. David Nutt's opinion 1907 has so far proved a most disastrous season for the book-makers and booksellers. The *Times* Book Club and the half-crown novel are largely responsible for this, he declares, for the public mind has been unsettled by visions of books at less than cost price and new novels at half the prices of old ones. As a result the six-shilling books have had a bad time of it during the last six months. Of course, this is what the lawyers would call an *ex parte* statement, but in the course of a conversation Mr. Nutt gave many sound reasons for his views. There can be little doubt that the "four-and-sixpenny" public is much the same as the "half-crown." That is, there is really no demand created by this sudden reduction, which in any case cannot be successful until all new novels are sold at uniform prices. Another general reform badly needed is the institution of the "on sale or return" agreement with booksellers. As Mr. Nutt observed, "the public will not buy a pig in a poke. They must first have an opportunity of examining new novels before putting down the money asked for them." In other words, he advocates one of the elementary rules of second-hand booksellers being applied to the trade as a whole. It is characteristic of the laxity which prevails in the trade that all authors of repute have to be paid a sum on account of royalties, because the booksellers simply will not make up their sales and returns more than once in six months.

The *fiasco* (repeated) of d'Annunzio's tragedies has made the Italian press speak of his sporting life. The author of *Più che l'amore* has a pack of twenty-eight hounds, that spread terror around the villa occasionally graced by La Duse. When peasants diminish this number of fowl-eating dogs, they are fined and imprisoned—judicial successes held logically to liken the feudal poet to Frederic II. rather than to Alighieri or to Manzoni!

The jester is more learned than he pretends, and our contemporary, the *Referee*, has given evidence of the fact in its well-known column, "Mustard and Cress." On the authority of the Rev. W. Hyamson, it corrects the vague generalisation of the "Times Century Dictionary" concerning the word "abracadabra," which that purveyor pronounces to be "mere jargon." Mr. Hyamson prefers the derivation from the Chaldean "Abra," *he created*, "kad," "when," "abra," *he created*. This suggests to readers of St. Mark's Gospel an expression familiar to them, "Abba, Father." It may remind students of the Old Testament in a Reference Bible of the appropriateness of the name of

Abraham at the present moment, all over the world. It may also suggest to scholars of nothing more erudite than the Oxford "Helps to Reading the Bible," the peculiar irony of the name Absalom.

Another derivation is from the compound Hebrew word "ha-brachah," *blessing*, and "dobra," *speak*, or "Invoke the Name," that is the unutterable Hebrew name of God, represented in Greek by ΙΑΩ. Whichever derivation be correct connection is further suggested between "abra-cadabra" or "abraçadabra," the charm, and the name ΑΒΡΑΖΑΞ so frequently found in connection with ΙΑΩ on the engraved gems called gnostic, though not all attributable to that school of thought. A few steps further would lead us in the source of Egyptian and Hindu civilisation. The charm is first mentioned by Serenus Sammonicus, the physician of Caracalla and tutor of Gordian. It is to be carried about the person, written in a special form resembling an inverted pyramid. This is accomplished in six lines of characters, by writing the word "abracadabra" in its entirety in the first line, and omitting in each succeeding line the final and initial letters of the one before it, until in the sixth line the middle letter "A" alone remains. According to Defoe, the charm so written was still worn as a potent protection against the Great Plague. At any rate these explanations are more suggestive than the definition of the "Times Century Dictionary." It is a good thing for the peacock's feathers to be plucked from the crow. Our sporting contemporary knows well the taste of its audience, and offers gaily a learned correction which will evidently interest them; this may also be noticed as a "sign of the Times."

A writer in last week's *Athenaeum* remarks: "We have not done with Nietzsche yet, and he is likely to be an influence for some time to come." Which is quite true; so true indeed that one might venture to say that it amounts to a very pretty platitude. We wonder who are the people, if any, and of what sort of intellectual calibre, who ever suggested that we *were* done with Nietzsche or that he was unlikely to be an influence for some time to come.

The dramatic critic of the *Pall Mall Gazette* translates "Les Hennetons," "the giddy ones." "Les Hennetons" means "the cockchafers," neither more nor less. Some lines in the play explain the meaning of the name.

The Holkham Hall, Norfolk, facsimiles of binding and miniatures from Lord Leicester's library will be sold, towards the end of May, at MM. Ernest Leroux's, Paris. This collection, by M. Dorez, comprises sixty folio plates, heliogravure and phototype.

Torquemada is well known and well hated in England. His name is a byword for the cruelty of fanaticism. Few, perhaps, know that the Inquisitor "meditated," and that the cardinal's "Meditations" (Rome, 1484) is in the catalogue of T. de Marinis, Florence. Dante is represented here, also, by two manuscript leaves of his "D. C.," by the first edition of his "Convivio" (Florence, 1490), and by the Commentary of Vellutello (Venice, 1544), with the corrections of the Holy Office.

One of our leading weekly reviews, which ought to know better, was guilty, in its last issue, of once more reproducing the time-honoured error of referring to an author's pseudonym as his "nom de plume." "Nom de plume" is not French, unless perhaps it be the French of Stratford-atte-Bow. "Nom de guerre" is the correct expression.

Mr. Digby Long and not Mr. John Long is the publisher of the novel "The Younger Woman" reviewed in our last issue.

## FLAME AND ASHES

To hold a sword, keen-edged and battle-bright,  
To weave a Spring-green garland for Delight,  
To fight with Fate unfalteringly, and make  
Surrender a vain word. For Beauty's sake  
To enamel some white wall with bright dreams, set  
Like gems in gold. Or cast a silver net  
About strange words and fold them for men's eyes  
As sweet enchanted birds from far-off skies  
(So far they were but a passing note and gleam  
Swift as the sigh that ends some lovely dream),  
To draw embroidered curtains to the pale  
Cold sky of Winter, having once cried "Hail!"  
To the great Summer Sun! To lightly light,  
And lightly quench, fierce torches thro' the night—  
To kiss white lilies with parched lips that jest!  
To wear a red rose on an ordered breast!  
These things are fair,—or but those shielding masks  
Which are the last gifts that the proud Heart asks.  
Compassionate Death shall see what Life and Art  
Found veiled,—the ashes of a ruined heart.  
But kindlier Love, Lord of Dawn-lightening Lands,  
Shall hold the Flame that burned it, 'twixt his hands.

ALTHEA GYLES.

## LITERATURE

### THE BIG HUMAN PASSIONS

*Historia Amoris.* By EDGAR SALTUS. (Sisley, 5s. net.)

In the volume before us Mr. Edgar Saltus has opened up what might be an attractive vein in history. The "big human passions" is a phrase dear to the sensational novelist who says that the Alpha and Omega of his art is to let them loose. We do not suppose that he ever tried coldly and dispassionately to number and describe them. Yet the great passions that have played an important part in the development of humanity are not so many but that their individual history might be brought within the compass of a book such as this. Mr. Edgar Saltus has chosen the most powerful as his subject. It is also the most attractive to write about and by far the most romantic. Yet there are others which do not lag far behind it in importance. There is ambition, which in many individuals has proved sufficiently strong to overcome love, indeed to vanquish all the other passions inherent in the human mind. A man who has sought and attained power very often is able to extirpate all scruples, all feelings, all desires that do not help him towards his end. The historian can find many remarkable figures in the history of mankind whose ruling passion of ambition has at once lent distinction to their own lives and had an appreciable effect in moulding the history of the race. Ambition and love belong to the nobler class of passions, but the ignoble lust of gain has on occasion proved itself as powerful a factor as they and, where it is the ruling passion, all other affections and desires pale before it. Nearly every man has one overwhelming passion that dominates his whole personality. The justly balanced man although capable of making the best citizen has very seldom scaled the heights of fame to which others have risen. It was therefore no unworthy task to take love and examine it at its source, and later when it had spread into a great

stream flowing over and influencing life. The idealist perhaps might find retrospection somewhat painful. Even if he does not go so far back as to the first sexual indications in primordial matter he must find the beginning of love in the lower animals. Our Simian ancestors were, so far as we know, innocent of any sentiment in the matter. The male and female, hideously ugly both of them from our point of view, casually met and mated in the wood, and then took their several ways. At first it is obvious that the care of the offspring must have devolved exclusively upon the dam; and perhaps it may have been one of the earliest discoveries of the ape developing into manhood that he could enclose his female in a cave and even force her to do things for him. At any rate, woman in the dawn of civilisation appears to have been in a position no better than that of a slave ruled over by the strong male. Even in the times that are historical we find the power of life and death exercised over women by their Roman husbands. It was no sin to kill an unfaithful wife. Yet it is obvious that as soon as mating took place for a prolonged period love in the modern sense of the term would very quickly develop. Mr. Saltus properly enough lays stress on its exclusiveness. The lower animal seems scarcely to distinguish or to prefer one male from another. But in the Song of Solomon, which is quoted here in Renan's version, we find the Shulamite woman refusing the advances of a king because her heart has already been taken possession of by her chosen lover. Constancy, therefore, was one of the virtues earliest developed from love. The passion itself has always since then found its highest expression in the singling out of an individual, to gain whom riches and ease and even honour have been set at nought. The history of love is largely a tale of its purification. As we turn over the pages of the book before us we seem to see a high ideal gleaming fitfully like a light seen at intervals by a toiling and distressed people. At times, as in the days of chivalry, something of its pure beauty seems to be caught by the best of the population. But even then the great masses had risen to no high appreciation of its capability. Marriages were not made in Heaven under the feudal system but were fixed by the earthly lord, and the women seemed to have very little choice in the matter. The years pass, and at times it looks as though a retrograde step were being taken towards licentiousness by the most civilised nations of Europe. We have France more decadent than it is to-day, we have England under the Restoration, with a state of morals that was no morals, and yet even in these times there seems to have been a remnant who were neither Puritans nor profligates, who knew that it was unnatural to suppress the feeling altogether.

In all this there is perceptible growth, difficult as it may be to recognise it at all times; but though the wave at times seems to recede, the tide is ever advancing. Love in modern times is a greater and more dignified passion than it was in antique days. No doubt it still has about it a great deal of the market-place. Women are bought and sold to-day as surely as they were in the early years of the Roman republic. They are the subject of bargain and negotiation, and to a great many, perhaps to a majority, love means nothing at all beyond that which it implies in the way of settlement and physical comfort. But in spite of that, the numbers continually increase of those who regard it in a more spiritual light. So much is this the case that it would be a distinct shock to many of the more refined minds of to-day to look back at the muddled beginnings of the passion that they cherish so highly. Mr. Edgar Saltus, to whose work we have not given that detailed attention which it deserves, sees in the future a greater scope for its fine developments than ever there has been in the past, and we cannot help thinking that he is right. The purifying influence of love has become greater as the years flow past, and it will remain one of the greatest forces of civilisation until we reach that point when retrogression begins.

### CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH OF VIRGINIA

*The Generall Historie of Virginia, New England, and the Summer Isles.* By Captain JOHN SMITH. Sometime Governour in those Countries and Admiral of New England. 2 vols. (MacLehose, 25s. net.)

THERE is a big grey church in the heart of London to which, sooner or later, all good American pilgrims find their way. History and the depredations of vandals have set many ugly marks upon the building, so that little enough can be traced to give point to the noble dedication of St. Sepulchre: yet one tomb of importance remains. "Here lies one conquer'd that hath conquer'd kings!" And one or two monarchies have undergone strange vicissitudes since John Smith, Lincolnshire yeoman's son, secured his fame in Virginia and found his rest in Holborn.

Once more the style is the man, and a first glance at this hero's face will be an instant prelude to the respect which we all traditionally feel. Thackeray's enthusiasm—reflected abundantly in the pages of "The Virginians"—is not a thing to wonder at, even if we have heard rumours calling in question the truth of the quaint romance of Pokahontas. These rumours were long ago dispersed. Even if it were not so, John Smith's fine, cheerful, honest, manly face looks into your eyes from the printed page; his voice speaks, his industrious pen never fails, never flags; in the panegyrics of his friends he is always loyal, loving, brave. No test, in fact, needs to be applied to the story as it runs, except the test that can be applied, as in music, by a good ear—then all rings true. Criticism, of course, has already done its work in respect of this classic. It only remained to make the book accessible to the world, and to remind a public which is still trying to build something substantial on the labours of the pioneer, that these are things worth rescuing from the dusty shelves of libraries, worth studying and praising as living documents. In this pious work Messrs. MacLehose have already done a great deal; we take this opportunity of congratulating them and in the right spirit of gratitude, of asking for more.

It was in an adventurous hour, and in circumstances by no means unpropitious, that John Smith was born. His father counted on the friendship of the Lincolnshire Willoughbys, and did not count in vain. This was a case of real friendship, not patronage: but when patronage was wanted, it was not lacking. The Willoughby connection led to little, but that first visit to France in young Peregrine Willoughby's company naturally fired the keen adventurer with a desire for fresh life. Money, of course, soon became scarce. A soldier's chance lay open, and John Smith took it. Whatever scheme of thought or knowledge or progress came his way he strove to master it. His course lay much on land, but he speedily tackled the science of the sea: always a little in advance of the dullards, whom later he took it on himself to instruct, but in such a way as to make his "Sea Grammar" a thing to be commended even to the most advanced of nautical novelists. Underneath his system of energetics, lay, naturally, a keen sense of the importance of self-advancement. But there is a strength in his philosophy dictated by something more powerful than mere prudence. "To rectify a commonwealth with debauched people is impossible." "All you expect from thence must be by labour." On such maxims Smith himself strove and thrrove, for once his nature had full play, authority gravitated to him, and then he set to work in the spirit of a man conscious of great issues at stake. Three years from December 19, 1606, sufficed to make the beginnings of the colony, after which Smith returned to England for a time. The rest of his days were devoted in one way or another to the cause of colonisation. These ways were very varied, and fortunately so. For the very reasons which prevented the continual stress of travel, gave him

the opportunity to become a writer, and preserved to us the priceless possession of these records.

All the indispensable touches which turn bare statements into powerful evidence for truth and progress are here. The practical mind has taken care to give us names and dates. On these very names imagination may yet build some new romance of England, of duty, of homes away from home. Our sturdiest chroniclers are often full of heart and humour, even when they wade in blood. What else would you have when obstinate forces have to be dealt with? "Will any goe to catch a Hare with Taber and Pipe?" Captain Smith was not a man to stand any nonsense from anybody. A recital of his deeds of prowess reads like an echo of St. Paul: the positions changed from passive to active when he warred with men or monsters, but like his prototype tossed and buffeted by Nature from sea to sea, his virile self ever welcomed the unequal combat, and in these briskly written pages he still lives to tell the tale. He tells it, moreover, with something of the true simplicity of art. "How much women have done for me!" he exclaims, when it becomes a matter of importance to secure the favour of an illustrious lady. "The beauteous lady Tragabigzanda, when I was slave to the Turkes, did all she could to secure me. When I overcame the Bashaw of Nalbrits in Tartaria, the charitable Lady Callamata supplied my necessities. In the utmost of my extremities, that blessed Pokahontas, the great King's daughter of Virginia, oft saved my life." This last series of episodes, with the results that followed, always loomed largest in Smith's own memory, and the marriage of the blessed Pokahontas to John Rolfe, incited by himself, is of course recorded with all the gusto of large-heartedness and long-headedness. For Pokahontas became a splendid advertisement. As a matter of fact, Smith needed no advertisement when living, and needs less being dead. If some of his narrations make a demand on our credulity, if occasionally his deeds of derring-do are over-garnished, there is little from beginning to end that can be discredited or discounted, looking at the psychology of man, here revealed with the unconscious master's touch. No wonder the veneration of America follows John Smith from East Anglia to Scotland, from Scotland to the Low Countries, from thence to New England, and backwards, forwards again, till modern homage is paid him: "*here in streaming London's central roar.*" A smile may well be raised at the quaintly bombastic tone of old memorials, a smile more sympathetic will linger over some recollection drawn from these pages. The beginnings of Virginia were indubitably heroic. They stand out for all time by the touch of genius which has preserved them. Above all, they were inspired by the tenacity of hope. Pitiful, sometimes, the efforts of the pioneer in face of destiny. But characteristic the pioneer's way of meeting tragedy, and no less characteristic the comment. "And amongst all these sorrows, we had a merry English marriage." Gallant John Smith! Might England come back to merriment again by treading with thee in thought and act the pathway of the pioneer.

#### THUCYDIDES THE ARTIST

*Thucydides Mythistoricus.* By F. M. CORNFORD, Fellow and Lecturer of Trinity College, Cambridge. (Arnold, 10s. 6d. net.)

EVERY student of the classics has a vivid sense of the salient differences which distinguish the method of Thucydides from that of the somewhat earlier historian Herodotus. It is well put by Professor Gomperz in his *Greek Thinkers*:

There is hardly any pair of contemporaries who offer a more glaring contrast than Herodotus and Thucydides. Barely a score of years divided their works from one another, but a gulf of centuries seems to yawn between their temper and inspiration. Herodotus creates

throughout an entirely old-fashioned impression; Thucydides is a modern of the moderns. He made a clean sweep of the political and religious bias, the legendary and novelistic sympathies, the primitive beliefs rarely mitigated by the light of criticism, which marked the elder historian. The gaze of Thucydides is primarily fixed on the political factors, on the actual relations of forces, on the natural foundation, so to speak, of historical phenomena. . . . It was his constant endeavour to describe the course of human affairs as though it were a process of nature informed by the light of inexorable causality.

Most readers of Thucydides would accept this as a fair description of the historical method of Thucydides as distinguished from that of Herodotus. But a perusal of Mr. Cornford's able and brilliant *Thucydides Mythistoricus* will lead him to modify his opinion considerably. Thucydides himself declares that his plan was to write a plain narrative of events and the way in which they acted on the minds of the many remarkable men who shaped the fortunes of the Peloponnesian War, which he regarded as the most important conflict that the world had yet seen. But Mr. Cornford has made a very good case for a theory that at a certain point in the course of the work a certain informing conception began to grow which gives to his history an artistic aspect absent from the narratives of Diodorus, Ephorus, Polybius, and even Xenophon, but present in Herodotus. The latter wrote a prose epic of the struggle between the East and the West. Thucydides modelled his work on the tragedies of Aeschylus. Hence he is not merely *Historicus* but *Mythistoricus*. We congratulate Mr. Cornford on writing correctly "double sure" in the following passage. The erroneous "doubly sure" is well-nigh universal:

He chose a task which promised to be wholly within the sphere of positively ascertainable fact; and, to make assurance double sure, he set himself limits which further restricted this sphere, till it seemed that no bias, no preconception, no art except the art of methodical inquiry, could possibly intrude. . . . But it came about that even his vigilant precaution allowed a certain traditional mode of thought, characteristic of the Athenian mind, to shape the mass of facts which was to have been shapeless, so that the work of science came to be a work of art.

Educated almost exclusively in the study of the poets, it would have been little short of a miracle if he had adhered to what would now be called the strictly scientific view of human history, though he had an admirably scientific temper, which is well illustrated by his temperate rebuke administered (i. 20) to Herodotus (whom he does not name) for two misstatements which he could easily have avoided by no very recondite inquiry, namely that the Spartan kings had two votes, and that there was a territorial Spartan regiment called "the Pitane."

Mr. Cornford finds the Thucydidean account of the origin of the Peloponnesian War inadequate, as also the current views, that it was (1) fomented by Pericles for personal reasons; (2) that it was racial, between Ionians and Dorians; (3) that it was political, a conflict between oligarchy and democracy. On the last point he makes an illuminating observation:

The old names, Whig and Tory, oligarch and democrat, which stand for the aims of parties in one generation, go on being used in the next, when the lines of cleavage have really shifted, and parties are divided on quite other issues. A democrat was a revolutionary under Peisistratus, a radical under Cleisthenes, and in the time of Pericles a conservative.

It is very remarkable how Thucydides almost completely suppresses the boycotting of Megara as one of the main causes of the war, though it is put forward with equal humour and force by the contemporary poet Aristophanes, and dwelt on subsequently by Plutarch and by Diodorus, who ascribes the obnoxious decrees to some petty personal rancour on the part of Pericles, a feeling of which Thucydides knew him to be incapable.

Mr. Cornford finds an explanation in the theory that the boycotting decrees were part of a policy which had not been originated by Pericles, but forced upon him against his will by the large and growing population of the Piraeus, who furnished the bulk of his then majority.

their object being to supplant Corinth in her trade with the West by establishing a trade-route across the Megarid from Nisaea to Pegae. So long as Pericles lives Thucydides preserves silence about political relations with Italy and Sicily, not mentioning the founding of Thurii, and barely alluding, six years after the event, to the important alliance concluded by Athens with Leontini and Rhegium.

The history of Thucydides was intended to cover the whole twenty-seven years of the war. The eighth book deals with only twenty, not being carried beyond the year 411 B.C. It is divided into two nearly equal parts. The division occurs at bk. v. ch. 20. Part I. contains the ten years' war. Part II. begins with a fresh introduction, bk. v. ch. 26, chapters 21-25 being a connecting link.

Why does Thucydides reiterate that the Athenian success at Pylos was all due to luck, while we can easily see that it was largely due to the strategic genius of Demosthenes? He had no ill-feeling, nothing but admiration for that great general. It has been hinted that he might have had a grudge against Athens which had exiled him, but he tells the whole of his own failure without any attempt at extenuation and without bitterness. And surely the historian of the Athenian disaster in Sicily loves Athens and deeply sympathises with her in her downfall. Mr. Cornford's suggestion is that Thucydides thought he really saw an Agency called "Fortune" in the Pylian episode. He is convinced that

Thucydides does not mean by "Fortune" simply the operation of unknown natural causes, the working of ordinary causal law in the universe. He is thinking of extraordinary and sudden interventions of non-human agencies, occurring especially at critical moments in warfare, or manifest from time to time in convulsions of Nature.

It is in this view, which he traces to the dramas of Aeschylus, that Mr. Cornford finds the informing conception which transforms the history from a scientific treatise into a work of art. He does not find in Thucydides scepticism so much as an undogmatic agnosticism:

Vulgar superstition is nothing to him, except at the few points where it stands in the path of knowledge; there he can treat it with cool irony. He could respect the piety of Nikias and love the man, while gravely condemning his credulity in one fatal matter where it blinded him to a definitely ascertained fact. He will note with grave severity how in times of stress men who profess religion fall short of their ideals. . . . In his attitude towards religion (which must not be confounded with the quackeries of strolling oracle-vendors) there is never a trace of lightness or irreverence.

R. Y. TYRRELL.

#### THE MIDDLE AGES

*A Short History of Mediaeval Peoples from the Dawn of the Christian Era to the Fall of Constantinople.* By ROBINSON SOUTTAR, M.A., D.C.L. (Hodder & Stoughton).

DR. SOUTTAR has followed up his *Short History of Ancient Peoples* by a similar volume on *Mediaeval Peoples*, the middle volume, we presume, of his series. It covers the period from the accession of Augustus in B.C. 43 to the fall of Constantinople in A.D. 1453, practically 1500 years, the duration in one form or the other of the Roman Empire. When we remember the "voluminous page of Gibbon," as Sheridan said he called it, which only covered a part of the time, but occupied a series of volumes, it shows how the modern idea of summaries has "caught on" for us to have all we want to know, or rather which it is necessary for us to know, in a volume of just under seven hundred pages. Possibly the greatest praise we can give the book is that, notwithstanding the compression, it is not only not dull, but in fact very readable, not like the author's own description of early Roman literature, "historic annals so bald and imperfect that they are of little use even to the historian."

Dr. Souttar begins with a survey of Latin literature up to the beginning of the Empire. Here he is not at his best; indeed, it is difficult to see how he could be when his account of Caesar runs only to half a page and of Lucretius

to a page and a half. We don't think he quite appreciates Horace: a real lover of Horatian poetry would not limit his praise of the odes to "beauty of form and language"; there is something much more than that something that no one else has possessed in quite the same degree, the Horatian spirit. Dr. Souttar tries to whitewash various historical monsters: he begins with Tiberius. He will not have it that the retirement at Capri was what it is always represented to have been, a gigantic debauch, but alleges it was merely a search after peace. It may have been so, but the evidence is all the other way. Indeed Dr. Souttar is rather inclined to reconsider the popular verdict as to the twelve Cæsars. Caligula he gives up, but Claudius he says was an "earnest worker and a persevering man"; even for Nero he says that historians have not always dealt fairly with his memory. He regards him in a new light as the earliest Free-trader and says if his proposals had been carried out the history of Europe might have been changed. It is certain that Dr. Souttar has a way of his own in dealing with popular judgments. He does not appear to think much of Antoninus Pius, and still less of Marcus Aurelius, whom he condemns for his persecution of the Christians, adding that

until comparatively modern times the writing of history was in the hands of the official and ecclesiastical classes . . . who doubtless considered the attitude of Marcus Aurelius towards Christianity all that could be desired.

But Dr. Souttar's ideas of the Roman historians are distinctly original. Speaking of Tacitus he says, "as a historian he leaves much to be desired." We had always considered Tacitus the greatest not only of Roman but of all historians. The same may be said of satirists, for of Juvenal he says his verses are forcible but often coarse. As to Suetonius Dr. Souttar says his stories about the Emperor are "scandalous, mostly exaggerated, often untrue." It would be interesting to know on what material these judgments are founded, for the book is remarkable for one thing, not one single authority is cited whereby the statements can be tested. It would be wearisome to follow Dr. Souttar step by step through the Roman Emperors; on the whole he thinks better of them than is usually done. This is a matter of opinion, and every one is entitled to their own view; what we regret is that we are not given the means of testing the accuracy or inaccuracy of Dr. Souttar. To use a well known old tag, it seems to a large extent to be "sic volo sic jubes stet pro ratione voluntas." Constantine is one of Dr. Souttar's favourites, he was he says, "a good man and a great king," we should have preferred to substitute astute for good, for whatever else he may have been Constantine was an opportunist; indeed, Dr. Souttar's description of the builder of Constantinople shows it, "Born in Servia, bred in Asia, crowned in Britain, Rome was to him a foreign city." Julius is another of Dr. Souttar's favourites. "He was a sincere idolator and should not be called an apostate, a name which prejudices his character." The description of St. George is very neat, "a defaulting army contractor who took to theology and embraced Arianism." Dr. Souttar will not have at any price the story of Julian's death-bed exclamation, "The Galilean has conquered," which he says is without foundation. Indeed, for a destructive criticism of the legends we were taught at school thirty years ago Dr. Souttar's book would be difficult to surpass.

St. Ambrose also falls under the author's lash. The celebrated sermon in which the great Milanese bishop compared the Emperor Theodosius, who was one of the listening congregation, to David in his treatment of Uriah and Bathsheba is said to have been impudent, and the following comment is made on the well-known scene:

When a bishop, and more particularly a Catholic bishop, speaks thus, his action is not brave but the reverse. He knows well that his position makes retaliation impossible.

We do not pretend that Ambrose was an ideal even of

a Bishop still less of a Saint, he had his faults, but until we read Dr. Souttar's book we should never have said that cowardice was one of them. It is enough to make the author of the "Church of the Fathers" turn in his grave.

Another great ecclesiastic, Basil, is not one of Dr. Souttar's favourites :

A proud man, very masterful, having implicit confidence in himself. . . . He did much service at a critical time, was a valiant defender of the faith, and but for his self-sufficiency and the crookedness of his methods at times, he might have had a claim to greatness.

This is hardly a satisfactory description of the founder of the monks of the East. The description of another saint, Jerome, is still less fair on the Bethlehem hermit. Jerome's letters in their way are perhaps the best description we have of social life at the end of the fourth century, granted his objection to marriage and his habit of calling a spade a spade rendered him a dangerous person for young ladies, either to know or correspond with, but it is rather startling to be told that Jerome

in his youth had led a sensual life and knew little of any higher. His style of argument did not make matters easier, for he was always supercilious and often scurrilous.

Yet to some degree Dr. Souttar does him justice :

Concerning his extraordinary diligence, his tenacity of purpose, and the high value of his labours, there can be no two opinions.

The author of the Vulgate, a book that has had and is having a far greater effect on mankind than any other, is at least entitled to this somewhat faint praise. While so many legends are disbelieved by Dr. Souttar, it is refreshing to find him adopt one that modern Celtic scholars hold to be rank heresy, that Pelagius is the Greek form of "Morgan," yet it is said :

Pelagius was a Briton—perhaps a Welshman from Bangor University. The name has the same significance as Morgan sea born.

This is the first time we have heard that Bangor ever was a university. It will be pleasing news for the modern Welsh University College, there, to say it was a university in the fifth century. We have given so many of Dr. Souttar's views on different persons that we hesitate to give more, but we cannot refrain from referring to the way he stands up for the Empress Theodora. Her husband

was not a truly great man, only able, versatile, industrious, and clever at choosing his servants.

We seem to remember a passage in another author beginning :

The fame of Justinian victorious has long crumbled into dust, but the fame of the legislator remains as a firm and lasting monument;

and then follows a very different appreciation of Justinian. But as to the Empress, Dr. Souttar dismisses what he calls "the gross and often palpably ridiculous tales about her," and adds that Justinian, who was far from being a fool, deliberately married her after having obtained the repeal of the law forbidding a senator to marry an actress. Dr. Souttar may be right, but it is doubtful if the most beautiful woman on the Constantinople stage at a time of avowed licentiousness was "as chaste as ice, as pure as snow."

The account of Mohammedanism does not do justice to the character of its founder. The description of Mohammed as a man "who had his chance and missed it," seems hardly adequate for a man who founded a religion that has lasted over twelve hundred years and shows no sign of dying out. This endurance puzzles Dr. Souttar; he says :

The wonder is that in the twentieth century there should still be found educated men reverencing the memory of one so worthless. . . . It is idolatry of a peculiarly degrading type, the worship of a bad book and a bad man.

This may be so, but the man who set it up can hardly be accurately described as having missed his chance.

One of the most startling things in the book is the map of the widest limits of Moslem rule before Byzantium fell. It is coloured in red and black, and when first looked at makes one feel ill; a stupid printer's error stating that the Moslem territory is coloured red when it is really coloured black adds to the puzzle.

We have not space to follow Dr. Souttar through the Crusades or the later Byzantine empire, yet it is worth while for any one to do so. His own estimate of the characters of the different actors is not less remarkable than in the earlier part of the book.

We cannot part with Dr. Souttar without thanking him for his book; it is a very readable summary of a period of history much of which is little known and of which there is no other book which exactly fills the place of this. We have not hesitated to point out subjects on which we differ as much from the author as he does from all past writers, but we none the less think his book will supply a decided want, and no one who reads it can fail to be impressed with the great labour bestowed upon it, the skill with which the materials are arranged, and the pleasant way in which the story is told.

#### AN INTERPRETER

*Littérature Italienne.* Par HENRI HAUVEILLE. (Paris : Armand Colin, 5 fr.)

FROM the first to the last page of a literary history is usually a weary pilgrimage. Few people who have had much experience of this class of book will feel tempted at first sight to read consecutively through a volume which, starting with the earliest monuments of the vulgar tongue, brings the story of Italian literature down to the works of Carducci, D'Annunzio and the other contemporary writers. We dread, before opening the book, to find those dull summaries of political history, those conventional little biographies, those strings of names and dates, those time-honoured classifications of schools and periods—in short the mass of heterogeneous matter which forms the substance of most handbooks of literature, leaving them, it may be, full to the brim of information, but devoid of vitality and interest.

Let the reader who may approach "Littérature Italienne" in this apprehensive frame of mind be immediately reassured. M. Henri Hauvette has written a book whose effect is rather to suggest than to teach, not so much to chronicle the phenomena of literature as to interpret them. He is more author than pedant; and while no doubt his book may be found useful by those who like to acquire their information at second-hand, it will make its real appeal to readers with some previous knowledge of the subject, who yet cannot fail to be interested in what a genial and widely read critic has to say about their favourite authors. He has not aimed at a completeness impossible in a volume of five hundred pages, but by a process of wise selection and subordination he has managed in that small space to write a clear and continuous appreciation of practically everything which is immortal in the literature of Italy. He has therefore achieved the only unity to which it was possible to attain. He is not microscopic or patchy; from his point of view there is a broad outlook on to the field, and the important objects stand out clear and in their proper proportion. He has thus made it as easy as he could for the student to pick out the greater, secondary and least important writers and to distinguish the main currents of inspiration and the enduring and fruitful tendencies in thought and taste. Nearly half the volume is taken up with the study of some sixteen great men, around whom are grouped those of less originality.

In the introduction the author gives a short sketch of the chief periods into which he divides the study. This contains some pages which, although they are addressed mainly to French readers, are full of significance for us

on this side of the channel, as they serve to show how different in many ways was the development of literature in Italy from its growth in any other country. The term "Middle Ages," for instance, means in France feudalism, scholasticism and, at the same time, a strong strain of national inspiration in the poetical production of those centuries. The literature of the period is a perfect reflection of the young nation, "the offspring of Latin and Christian civilisation on Gaulish soil, whose social system had been changed by a fighting aristocracy of Germanic origin." In Italy, on the other hand, it was not under feudalism but under the guilds and communes, the enemies and conquerors of feudalism, that literature first became original. Till then, men thought only of Rome and her glory whose eclipse they felt must only be temporary. Paris taught theology, the scholastic study, but Bologna the Roman science of law. The Divine Comedy—the climax and the end of mediæval literature—may perhaps be called the most original and personal, and at the same time the most retrospective poem in the world, not only on account of Dante's learning, but because his ideal can be summed up in the word Rome—Rome Christian and Rome Imperial, pure and well governed. Consequently the Renaissance, which in France, and to a less extent in England as well, meant a complete abandonment of national mediæval traditions and a sudden impetus of classical imitation, meant something very different in Italy. In the first place, men had never lost sight of antiquity and so could not suddenly return to it. The Italian Renaissance was not brought about by any external influence, but by the gradual evolution of the consciousness of the people. Secondly, it is equally out of the question to talk of the abandonment of mediæval tradition; for the "Orlando Furioso"—the type and centre of Italian Renaissance literature—goes for its plot to the stories of Charlemagne and his heroes, in other words, to French mediævalism. Pure classicism came, but later; and it meant, not new birth, but decay. Finally, not to insist too much on this theme, take the word Romanticism. In France and England it meant roughly speaking the revolt against the rigid laws of the "classical" school: it was an artistic movement. But in Italy it meant patriotism, nationality, political revolution, the unity of Italy. Such, in brief, is the author's general view of Italian literature. Throughout the main portion of the book, in which these ideas are never quite lost sight of, M. Hauvette will be found a most interesting and suggestive companion.

### THE LIBRARY TABLE

*The Complete Fisherman.* By WALTER M. GALLICHAN. (Werner Laurie, 2s. 6d. net.)

ANGLING has developed so much during the last thirty years, both in theory and in practice, that it would be impossible to make good the claims of this title within a compass of two hundred and sixteen pages; but the present book is perhaps as nearly exhaustive as it could be under the circumstances. It is a miracle of compression. The author has already written guide-books to fishing in Spain, Wales and Derbyshire, and is an adept at compiling accurate details and useful information. Not only does he aim at giving the beginner instruction in every branch and style of fishing, but he gives him most admirable advice about the tackle and baits that he will require for each kind of fish. Nothing is taken for granted. Whoever has mastered this little book should be able, in theory at least, to catch every fish that swims with us in river, lake or sea, from salmon to soles. The all-round fisherman requires a most alarming quantity of tackle: six rods at least, viz., a salmon rod, a sea-trout rod, a ten and a half foot fly-rod, a trolling rod, a sea-fishing rod, and a roach pole. His flies will be legion, his baits without

number; he must have floats in endless variety, and a perfect arsenal of leads and sinkers. For further information, see "The Complete Fisherman." But be not misled, oh sanguine youth, into fancying that the perfection of equipment of itself will fill your creel; and do not believe that Dame Juliana Berners wrote "The Treatyse of Fysshynge wyth an Angle."

*Papers of a Pariah.* By Father BENSON. (Smith, Elder.)

ANOTHER quasi-polemical book is this "Papers of a Pariah," by Father Benson. The "Pariah" is an actor, who had been educated however at Rugby and Oxford, and the "Papers" reveal the mental process by which he finally arrived at the Catholic Faith. We seem as we read to have already met with his arguments in one place or another, but we are certain we have never seen them put with greater humour and wit. Father Benson protests that the Father Thorpe of these "Papers" is not himself, and clearly the "Pariah" is not Father Benson; but to Father Benson we suspect both belong as children of his brain; and if only he could bestow his style, and humaneness, and clearness of exposition on converts we would wish him many of them as the result of this brilliant little book.

### THE SEVEN DEADLY VIRTUES

THERE is a chapter still to be written in the history of moral philosophy. It is the chapter showing the transcendent sincerity of the twentieth century. In seven years we have done more than seven times seven previous centuries to see ourselves as we are and to shape our moral course by the knowledge. The eighteenth century—admirable, hard-headed age of fact—climbed some way towards our eminence; but its gentlemanly doctrine proves a poor compromise, and its efforts to follow it less than half-hearted by the side of our own wisdom and progress. "Whatever is, is right"—so one of their poets wrote; but, hampered by his Popish training, he did not half understand what he wrote. Then came nineteenth-century sentimentalism, woman-worship, scientific progress and other developments, to confuse or cloud the issue for us. It is the twentieth century that has discovered the full philosophic meaning of Pope's words, and put them into uncompromising practice.

The Catholic Church, absorbing, as was her right, all the wisdom of the previous ages of all the world, taught the doctrine of the Seven Deadly Sins. Those who have never heard of them before—a class which will include at least nine-tenths of those who are not Catholics—may be interested to read a learned but not too stiff account of them in a book by Mr. Frederick Rogers, recently published by that lover of all that is quaint, old and superseded—like poetry, scholarship and the humanities—Mr. A. H. Bullen. The Catholic Church found a fairly close consensus of opinion in the ancient world as to what were the failings incident to human nature. Some of them, she said, are worse than the others; and with her unerring moral shrewdness she put her finger upon seven; *Superbia*: Pride; *Luxuria*: Lechery; *Invidia*: Envy; *Ira*: Wrath; *Avaritia*: Covetousness; *Gula*: Gluttony; *Accidia*, or *Pigritia*: Sloth. She said in effect to man: "That is what you are! You are conceited, lecherous, envious, bad-tempered, grasping, gluttonous, and idle." And she drew him pictures of himself—a peacock for pride, a goat for lechery, a yelping cur for envy, a hog for gluttony—the better to instruct him in his own nature. And, so far, no one has been found to disagree with her openly. Man has always admitted that he is all that.

He has not enjoyed admitting it, of course; and until recent years the history of moral philosophy is a history of his attempts to wriggle out of the admission. He does not like that trick of saying: "That is what you are!"

It is not good manners to point and to call names. The wriggles began with the Reformation. Tired of contemplating his familiar deformities, man set to work to invent some others; and such a healthy new crop of sins, of which no one had ever heard before—gaiety, laughter, play, music, dancing, good works, and others—came into being, that the seven old sins were completely neglected. There were other reasons, too, for keeping silence on that subject. It was difficult to be personal about hogs and goats when the first lay Head of your Church looked like the one and behaved like the other. *Superbia* would have been a touchy subject with Elizabeth—the peacock soul that perished of her pride; and James I. had a crowd of ambitious persons—*Graculos esurientes*—in his train, which made references to certain other of the Church's sins a little dangerous. So the old seven were left to flourish like a green bay-tree. Poets, indeed, found the imagery convenient, as Mr. Rogers shows; they were nothing now but "superstitions of Popery," and it was open to any one to use them for what purpose he would. So, when Edmund Spenser, to curry favour with one queen, who left him unrewarded, wished to insult another queen—unfortunate, beautiful, betrayed, and afterwards murdered—he chose his imagery from the Seven Sins, and added unspeakable filth of his own. Besides such indignities as this, the Sins suffered a certain diminution of honour, which befell them more distinctively in the seventeenth century. Anger, lust, avarice worse than other sins? The notion was clearly absurd. What about dancing round the maypole, singing a catch, going to see a play of Shakespeare's? As to pride, it had become a virtue, and humility a vice; unless you squinted down your nose, unless you were convinced of your own "election" and nearly every one else's damnation, you were certainly damned. And in the eighteenth century we find that doctrine of the equality of sins carried into practice in the penal code. You were hanged for murder: you were hanged no less for stealing a pennyworth of bread. There is no denying that the eighteenth century was logical.

Its mistake, of course, was that it did not go far enough, or rather that it did not see far enough, to attain the perfect wisdom of the twentieth. It had a glimmering of the truth, and Pope, with the privilege of genius, put it into words without seeing his own meaning. "Whatever is, is right," is a dogma so radiant, so directly flashed from the very fount of light, that he may be forgiven for being a little blinded by its glory. The great mistake committed by the Catholic Church was, as we see clearly enough nowadays, that she remained (and remains) a hopeless Idealist. She only said: "That's what's *you* are!" in order to be able to go on to say: "And this is what you can be if you choose," adding her counsel as to how the transformation (which she continues in her old-fashioned way to believe desirable) could best be brought about. Opposite the list of Seven Sins, she set of a list of Seven Virtues: against Pride, *Humilitas*: Humility; against Lechery, *Castitas*: Chastity; against Envy, *Caritas*: Love; against Wrath, *Patientia*: Patience; against Covetousness, *Eleemosyna*: Bounty; against Gluttony, *Abstinencia*: Abstinence; against Sloth, *Vigilantia*: Vigilance. The eighteenth century, feeling a little uncomfortable in its new doctrine of *το δι*, tried to baffle the issue by inventing a convenient kind of *το πᾶν* for its spiritual ablutions. It talked of Reason, Law, Nature and so forth; and when people begin to use abstract words with capital letters, it nearly always means that they are out of their depth. And so, whilst, for the "lower orders" they carried the old doctrine of the equality of the offences into practice, the philosophers and polite persons among themselves went without a moral code altogether. If a man made a *faux pas* himself he excused it under the heading of Nature; if his enemy made one he invoked *bon ton* or Manners.

Such a condition of things indicates a dangerously lax morality. And when the nineteenth-century clouds to

which we have referred had finally rolled away, the twentieth, born the son of light, heralded by all the ages as the possessor of final truths the last enemy of shams, sprang forward, like a figure in a fresco by Besnard, to point the simple, the beatific. The twentieth century has discovered that the old Seven Sins of the Church are the real Seven Virtues of man.

Nothing less—and nothing greater—has been its message. In some lights it seems too simple to be of any value; in others too difficult, too revolutionary, to be true. That is the way, however, with the great truths. This great truth could be expounded in a page, yet three hundred volumes could not do it justice. For our own purpose the exposition must be brief. Let us take the "Sins" and their opposite Virtues one by one.

*Superbia*: Pride. It is difficult to see now, in the light of the teaching of Nietzsche, how the opposite of this—*Humilitas*—can ever have been supposed a virtue. If you are a Superman, you cannot understand the meaning of the term; if you are not, it is your duty, as Louis Dubedat saw, to be as like one as you can, and you will never do that unless you cheat or kick aside any one smaller than yourself. Besides, advertisement is the secret of success in life; and that no one has any master but himself is a truth which the dullest pupil in the Socialist Sunday Schools has learned. *Luxuria*: Lechery—we need scarcely dwell on this. Every one knows that instinct is the only law. But it sounds nicer if you call it love. *Invidia*: Envy, with its opposite *Caritas*: Love—in the other and now discarded sense. It is almost inconceivable that this pestilent vice of *Caritas* should ever have been taken for a virtue. Every boy of seventeen has learned that nothing does so much harm in the world as self-sacrifice; that it is degrading to the doer and useless if not pernicious to the receiver. Little nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love are dastardly attacks on progress. Besides, has it not been proved that self-sacrifice is logically impossible? The notion of loving one's fellow men is, of course, exploded. It is our duty to love the men of the next generation but six, and their interests can only be consulted by a consistent and virtuous disregard of all the men weaker than ourselves now living. The same applies to *Patientia*: Patience. Even the Bishops of the Church of England have realised that our present civilisation cannot be carried on on the principle of turning the other cheek. The opposite of *Avaritia*: Covetousness is, of course, *Eleemosyna*: Bounty. It is extraordinary how long the world laboured under the immoral notion that it is good to give a penny to a starving beggar. It used to be supposed that it was better to send a cheque to a hospital. Both courses are now recognised as profoundly immoral and opposed to all true laws of political economy, which, of course, is the science of virtue. It is well known how degraded the beggar feels as he gnaws his crust, and how a labourer's child whose broken arm has been set for nothing is ruined for life. Even actors, we understand, have begun to realise that charity *matinées* and benevolent societies (their principal means of subsistence) are degrading. *Gula*: Gluttony, has for opposite *Abstinencia*. There is some excuse for the stress laid in old days on the necessity for a slight restraint on the appetites. While the superstition that man had a soul still lingered, it was pardonable to believe that it benefited by the subjection of the body, and the still benighted East must be forgiven for clinging to the notion. Western moral science has proved that the only offence is letting any one else have more to eat than you. And as to *Vigilantia*, the opposite of Sloth, our proclamation of an Eight Hours' Day as the panacea for all the evils, and the Trade Union law that no workman shall work faster or better than the laziest and least competent in his trade are a sufficient reply to the claims of so antiquated a principle as that of hard work.

For the first time in history we are sincere. And, once looked straight in the face, the obstinate difficulty of these Seven Sins has vanished. We are, we admit, hogs, goats,

curs and the rest ; wisdom lies not only in admitting it, but in boasting of it. To be what we are is the only true virtue, the sole obligation. Meanwhile, the Catholic Church still dreams of making us something else. Poor old dreamer !

H. C.

### VANISHING PARIS

IT is not so much that the old landmarks are disappearing from Paris as that its atmosphere has changed. Structurally speaking, Paris alters less from year to year than does London. This is due to the fact that London is principally built of mud (in one form or the other, brick, or stucco), while Paris is so largely constructed of stone. Now and again one hears of some elderly building with more or less interesting associations being torn down in Paris, but the instances are comparatively rare or of minor importance. The block of houses at the corner of the Quai d'Horloge facing the Seine have recently been condemned, and not a few artists of talent, notable among them Mr. Frank Boggs, whose exhibition at the Grand Palais was so successful a few years ago, hurried to the spot to note down the final aspect of those withered walls before the "entrepreneur des démolitions"—the undertaker as it were!—had accomplished his dull work of carting them away. The Auberge du Cheval Blanc in the Rue Mazet, where Manon and the Abbé des Grieux stopped for a few hours on the eve of their immortal elopement, and which for generations has been the favourite hostelry of some of the greatest heroes of French fiction, including of course, D'Artagnan of "The Three Musketeers," has just been laid low. Its mighty oaken rafters, three centuries old, supporting the low smoke-blackened ceiling over the heads of market-gardeners, the only faithful customers of its ultimate days, have been sold to the manufacturers of seventeenth-century furniture in the Faubourg St. Antoine. Its ancient stable-yard, from which the Orléans coach used to start, the mounting-stones flanking the vast entrance, are gone. The souvenir of an exceptionally fiery *eau de vie de marc*, and of a wonderful Cantal cheese—so closely resembling Cheddar as to prove without a shadow of doubt that Cantal is the French ancestor of Cheddar, and that the receipt for Cheddar must have come over with William the Conqueror (so many of the Conqueror's followers were Celts from the South)—is all that remains, apart from an illustrated post-card, to remind us of the thoughtful and fruitful moments which we have spent in that dilapidated and melancholy inn. And though nothing of it has so far been touched, Rousseau's house in the Quai de Passy, with all the garden-ground about it, and the neighbouring restaurant Touchard, with its fish-tank of Seine fish in the window and its ivy-clad roof, are now advertised for sale. At present the Quai de Passy is, so to speak, marking time, but sooner or later—alas! sooner than later—this historic house must become the prey of the modern building society. The extending of the Boulevard Raspail through the Rue de Fleurus to the Rue de Rennes has transformed one of the most interesting portions of the Montparnasse suburb; the last vestiges of the ancient Carmelite garden, from which the architects of Marie de Medicis carved out the Renaissance plots and paths and terraces of that vast park surrounding her palace, which is now the Jardin du Luxembourg, have entirely disappeared in company with the faded red-brick *vacherie*, or dairy-farm, which was at the corner of the Rue Notre Dame des Champs, and was frequented at the earliest hours of the morning by poets and philosophers of the last generation, notably by the ill-fated Gérard de Nerval, athirst for the last word and the last drop, were it merely of milk, after the wine-shops had been closed.

One could multiply these trivial details to infinity. Laveur's pension in the Rue des Poitevins, where Gambetta and most of the founders of the present French

Republic took their meals as students, when the Quartier Latin was something more than a name, or less than a misnomer, has gone elsewhere—goodness knows where—and modern houses, six stories high, with plain faces, have taken the place of the old mediæval street with its Gothic gargoyles and niches from which the saints had long been hacked away, and of the ancient Hotel de Thun, the first floor of which Laveur had occupied, and whose wrought-iron staircase the ill-fated Comte de Thun had descended on his way to the scaffold. The last stones of the Chateau d'Orléans at Issy—the Duc d'Orléans of the Fronde—had disappeared without leaving the shadow of a trace when we passed that way a little while ago, and we had the sorrowful satisfaction of reflecting that probably the only existing relic of that admirable Louis Quinze building was in our own possession—an old Delft tile which we had appropriated (it had fallen on the floor)—with the consent, or rather the complicity, of the concierge.

But the real change has been in the atmosphere. And this is, in a chief measure, due, we are convinced, to the creation of the Métropolitain railway—the Paris "tube." The Métropolitain has had the same effect upon the different quarters of Paris as the Channel Tunnel, were its construction once permitted, would have upon England. It has broken down barriers. It has abolished inter-regional frontiers, and destroyed distinctions. At one time, owing to the peculiar omnibus system established in Paris, all communication between the north and the south of the city was entirely suspended, except for passengers on foot or in cabs, during the busiest periods of the day. And when the Parisian had been able to secure a seat in an omnibus, after proving by various official documents his temporary claim upon this mode of locomotion, at least half a morning would be spent in reaching his destination, supposing it to be at all remote. The consequence was that the great majority of the inhabitants of Paris rarely left the various quarters in which they were born. Their insularity was almost complete. It was much greater than that of the Englishman, who after all is an indefatigable traveller. Thus of the varied elements which made up the atmosphere of Paris each retained its pristine quality.

All this has been swept away. The very odour of Paris has changed. Its subtlest scents have been killed by the icy breath of Progress. Every great city is characterised by certain odours of its own. It is only the provincial towns that all smell alike, or, at least, come within the scope of comprehensive categories of smells. The prevailing odour of Berlin is of Russian cigarettes, smoked sausage, disappointed diplomacy and pine-wood. The smell of London, in so far as it is describable in print, suggests hansom cabs, smoke, asphalt, lucifer matches, church hassocks and Virginian pipe-tobacco, animated by a whiff of the sea, and punctuated by coal tar. The dominant note in the odour of Paris was that of the kitchen, a rich smell of *friture*, of butter of the very best quality surprised in the very process of frying. One felt at once, on alighting at the Gare du Nord that here was the home of gastronomy. As our experience of the city became more comprehensive, we were conscious of other equally delicate and characteristic odours. In the aristocratic faubourgs of St. Germain and St. Honoré there was a still lingering fragrance of the eighteenth century, a perfume of former magnificence, which repeated itself in the antiquity shops with which these suburbs abound, modified, however, by the intrusion of inferior odours from the sale-room, the museum, and the *mont de piété*. The Luxembourg, the Bourse, the Louvre had the odours of their respective functions. And from this symphony of smells, to quote Zola's famous phrase, there was developed a general odour for each quarter of the city, and these in their ensemble made up the mistress-odour of Paris in which nothing was common, and everything was unclean.

But that which was symphonic has become chaotic. The Métropolitain, burrowing in all directions, and at

every quarter of a mile or so, drawing in air from the surface of the streets for the ventilation of its tunnels, acts like a vast electric fan, driving all these affrighted perfumes from their natural foyers into a hideous confusion, and an odious promiscuity with one another. The atmosphere of Paris has become a thing of shreds and tatters, a motley, an *olla podrida*, in which, as the French say "it is impossible to find oneself again."

Nor is this all. Just as the rusticity of the country side for eighty miles round Paris has fled before the hoot of the automobile, so the Métropolitain has profoundly changed the manners and customs of those inhabitants of Paris who, dwelling in its outlying quarters, have been as provincials with respect to the central parts of the city. Aided by the new law upon "Weekly Rest" they invade the boulevard on Sundays, and by constant contact with a cosmopolitan civilisation, they are rapidly losing all their sincerity, all that has given them hitherto quality and charm. They are even abandoning their national costume. The ignoble cricketing cap has largely taken the place of the three-decker, or *trois ponts*, which used to strike so picturesque a note in the Vilette and Montrouge districts. Around the Sorbonne, the *plat bord*, the tall silk hat with the downward slanting brim—the hat of the philosopher and the *savant*—is rarely if ever seen now. At Montmartre and at Montparnasse the very artists are ceasing to be eccentric. They no longer feel themselves to be at home. The boulevards, in the train of the Métropolitain, are spreading themselves everywhere. That this revolution in the manners of so interesting and artistic a people as the Parisians must have further and far-reaching consequences cannot be disputed for a moment. With the Left Bank practically suppressed by the tunnelling operations beneath the Seine, one trembles for the ultimate fate not only of the Quartier Latin, which has already lost so much of its erstwhile influence and prestige, but for the whole of that erudite and reposed "city of the soul" of which the Sorbonne and the Pantheon are the two most typical and conspicuous monuments. Time, with its inevitable changes, must in some measure be blamed for this impending decadence. But that the Métropolitain, with its rapid inter-communications, is the chief cause of the ruin already accomplished is obvious to all. Whether some powerful hand will be raised to avert further disaster cannot for the moment be foreseen. Fortunately there are still a few omnibuses running.

ROWLAND STRONG.

## A LITERARY CAUSERIE

M. BERTHELOT

SCIENCE, particularly French Science, has lost much in recent months. Only a few weeks ago it was by the death of M. Moisson, known to the world generally as the manufacturer of artificial diamonds by means of the electric furnace. Scarcely a year ago it was M. Curie, the conjoint discoverer of radium, who by an ill-fated accident in a Parisian thoroughfare found his way into an early grave. And now it is M. Berthelot the greatest of French savants of the present day, who after a unique career as a man of science, statesman and philosopher, has closed the book of life for ever. Though full of years and of honours, his end was as tragic as it was dramatic.

For one within a few days of eighty years of age as he was, the shock of his wife's death overcame him so, that its effect was almost instantaneous, and he too passed away into the unknown, leaving great legacies of thought to his nation and to mankind. The end, particularly unhappy, was yet that which he and many in such circumstances would naturally have wished for most, when struck with so heavy a blow of deep affliction. Since

M. Berthelot was not merely a savant and a philosopher but above all else a man. That he was human his melancholy end has proved indeed. And quite apart from his science which placed him easily in the highest place amongst the chemists of our time, M. Berthelot was also a deep thinker and a man of action, a Minister of State and a friend of Renan. The most distinguished of French writers since Voltaire found in him a nature that was at once literary and profound.

The famous man of Science, whom Renan encountered almost immediately he left St. Sulpice, may be said to be part author of his works. Four years younger than his comrade, M. Berthelot was in character and convictions stronger and more settled, and in range and activity of imagination more daring. Deficient, however, in philosophy and critical restraint, he was studying the positive sciences with that Baconian confidence in the ability of the human reason to master all the problems of the universe which is one of the distempers of learning, that if left to itself, affects the mind with incurable materialism.

So wrote Mr. Edward Wright in the *Fortnightly Review* not so very long ago.

But Renan remarks in one of his letters about this time :

Who has not felt in certain moments of serenity that the doubts that one raises against human morality are only fashions of exasperating oneself, or seeking beyond reason what is within reason, and of placing oneself in a false hypothesis for the pleasure of torturing oneself? . . . Extreme reflection thus leads to a kind of satiety and light scepticism, from which humanity would perish if it were imbued therewith. Of all frames of mind it is the most dangerous and the most irremediable. . . . One is never cured of refining one's thoughts.

When M. Berthelot complained of suffering from melancholy and want of ardour in study, his friend replied :

Perhaps you condemn yourself to too great an abstinence from aesthetic enjoyment. . . . If you were a Christian the aesthetic part of Christianity keenly appreciated would amply suffice to satisfy your wants. Because in reality this is all that religion is, the ideal part in human life.

This was during his Italian travels when Renan thought once more that he had found in the Madonnas the faith of the race, "an incomparable height, of poetry and ideality." But M. Berthelot, though doubtless not blind to these conceptions, was seldom carried away to soar in the lofty region of such religious and artistic sentiment, he still believed in Science itself as a religion almost with superstitious fanaticism; he succeeded in converting Renan to these and to the adoption of the democratic principles of society and well-being, to which the French Revolution had given birth.

As a statesman he possessed no mean character, and was twice Minister, firstly of Public Instruction in the Goblet short-lived Administration of 1886-7, and later as a member of the Bourgeois Cabinet of 1895-6, Minister of Foreign Affairs. Like Liebnitz and Lagrange he exhibited a strange admixture of rare qualities, which if one may put it so seemed at once both human and divine. The very antithesis of the narrow specialist he was, perhaps, in the subject for which he was most famous the greatest of specialists, and the founder of synthetic chemistry.

His epoch making work "The Organic Chemistry based on Synthesis" was published a year after the "Origin of Species" in 1860, and a year before Pasteur's great work which laid the foundation of pathology. He claimed to have shown that the dividing line between the organic and the inorganic is a mere fiction of the mind, and that "vital force" is non-existent. Here he appears to some of us at least to have been carried away by that enthusiasm with which in some matters the Celt may be imbued. It is quite possible that he was right. But there appears to be a tendency to revert once more to the earlier views of Johannes Müller and to seek for the mystery of the directing power of living matter in some hitherto undiscovered property, potentially stored up in the inorganic, and capable of manifesting itself in certain of its forms, to an extent that we must not dwell upon here.

With an imagination which saw vast possibilities when

despondent criticism might have seen none, he looked forward to the time when the artificial synthesis of life would be an accomplished reality, as much so as that of some of its products which he has so ably produced by laboratory methods. He lived to see some of the dreams of his youth evolve from the systematic labours of his manhood and develop into the practical fields of actual utility: Though given to flighty speculation, he was none the less the most practical of men. It has been said that he never had time to make money, but that with an inventive genius so rich in ideas and so evenly balanced in its reasoning powers, wealth with all its elusiveness might have found an easy passage to his scanty purse. And yet all his time was devoted exclusively to the employment of his great powers for the benefit of humanity. It was he who held out a few years ago the delightful vision to the humanitarian, though not perhaps to the epicurean, that the day may come when all our food will reach us from the laboratory; when the "flocks that range the valleys free" will have the self-same right to live that all superior beings possess. Nay, that not even vegetable life will be required to supply food, and the farms of the humble labourer will be converted into majestic parks for the amusement of the leisured and refined, and the recreation of the peasant from his hours of toil. Mankind would learn to walk a freer and a nobler earth, and life acquire a higher meaning in our eyes. Explosives would become so terrific in their violence that to use them would be impossible, and man would be forced at last to lay down arms and take recourse to arbitration as the final mode of settlement of disputes between all civilised states.

M. Berthelot's love of ancient lore, particularly of the alchemists, gave vent to his scholarly instincts which resulted in his translation of several texts from the Latin, Greek and Arabic; and his book, "Les origines de l'Alchimie," is well worthy of the perusal of all scientific students; he was likewise responsible for some historical works of considerable value. Such amazing energy and achievement indeed revealed a mind of great order, system and instant concentration.

It is difficult to say how much more he would have done had he confined himself entirely to chemistry. Some may think that science would be the richer if he had devoted himself exclusively to it. But they are bad psychologists, I fear. It is quite possible he might not then have done so much, or anything at all. There are natures which can only put their best energies forward in a particular line, when they have other interests to counteract the intensity of the energy they thus display in each direction. Constrain them in one groove and they cease in a short time through lack of balance to be animated.

Berthelot was beyond doubt one of these. He was by nature versatile, and only by his versatility did he live. This free and genuine nature lifted him above mere partisanship or narrowness in any shape or form, to the exclusion of all pettiness or lopsidedness. A Radical no doubt in principle and aspiration he most assuredly always was. But a true aristocrat of the Intellect none the less.

Though honours were poured lavishly upon him: the two distinctions he might well have prized most were perhaps that he was for years the secretary of the "Institute of the Immortals," and above all else the life-long friend of Renan.

They were both enemies of Christianity. The question is whether a Christian should resent such enmity, if he knew it was sincere.

JOHN BUTLER BURKE.

## FICTION

*Disciples.* By MARY CROSBIE. (Methuen, 6s.)

THIS is the book of the master—in this instance the heroine—rather than the book of the "Disciples," to whom justice has hardly been done. Choosing an unconventional character for her main figure, Miss Crosbie has also chosen one that is unconvincing. Denise Bourke is as un-Irish as a foreign upbringing could make her, and is, besides, the prig, the "pedant piece of foolishness" she declares herself to be. It would be hard to make a prig—however detached, egoistic and cold—really attractive as the centre-piece of an otherwise remarkably interesting study of a phase of Irish life and character, and if Miss Crosbie does not awaken admiration of the beautiful Denise, she can and does awaken for us the "clear call" of brown bog and the ring of many a homeland voice, sad-sweet as sorrow's laughter. When she is writing of the common affairs of every-day—of a half broken-in colt in Maev's strong young hands, or Maev's vague dreams reaching out beyond her grasp and the simple measure of her child-like mind—she is at her best. And her best is so good that we do not wish to ask for better. In her pages there is the blending of the strong and the weak, the lofty and the low; of roughness and love, passion and coldness, storm and stillness, which is the common heritage of our common humanity. There is, too, an elemental wave of tragedy with its accompanying pathos.

*A Knight of the Holy Ghost.* By EDITH SEARLE GROSSMANN. (Watts.)

If what journalists call "topicality" makes for success—and certainly it is a powerful factor—then "A Knight of the Holy Ghost" should in these days of militant "Suffragettes" attract a large number of readers. An introductory note declares that the "narrative is based on a study of the past, before the Woman Movement had raised the condition of women; and it is produced now in view of a strong reactionary tendency towards re-subjection." As a story it is too highly wrought for our taste, not in the action, of which there is little, but in the matter of emotion. But that is the way with most tracts of fiction. The author writes with great assurance and expansiveness, and displays a most varied facility of allusion and quotation.

*The Ultramarines.* A Story of Colonial Life. By "COLONEL A." (Smith, Elder, 6s.)

THERE is generally a plea for indulgent criticism underlying an author's statement that his book has been "written in leisure moments," but "Colonel A." need not have been so modest: his half-serious, half-romantic story is well written, and possesses a distinct attraction of its own. The environment has novelty, the series of episodes illustrative of political and social life in a tropical colony bear evidence of the author's intimate knowledge, and there is warmth and colour in the picturesque description of Ultramarine, an island that "contains features taken from several of our possessions." Our acquaintance with this earthly paradise begins and ends with Lord Edgehill's mission to investigate the question of an Imperial loan to the sugar-planters. He is accompanied by his daughter, Lady Maud Hillier, a disturbing influence both in love and business affairs. The author slyly contrasts pretty Denise, a rich sugar-planter's daughter who never talks of sugar or loans, with Lady Maud, ambitious and dominant, convinced that her honest, stolid father is incapable of bringing his mission to a successful issue without her active intervention. The result of her unofficial assistance is amusing and unexpected. "Colonel A." deals with colonial government and colonial grievances with fairness and considerable shrewdness, yet lightly and pleasantly enough to interest the ordinary reader in a variety of questions not usually discussed in the pages of a novel.

*The Wingless Victory.* By M. P. WILLOCKS. (Lane, 6s.)

MR. JOHN LANE is to be congratulated on having discovered Miss Willocks, and if her latest work is not a great success it will not be creditable to the discernment of the reading public. Miss Willocks is the stylist of the emotions. She knows the moods and temperaments of both sexes, and while we saw this in her first novel, "Widdicombe," that book was after all only the promise of which "The Wingless Victory" is the fulfilment. The story is really simple, dealing with primitive persons in unalluring surroundings. It is a case of one woman and three men, or perhaps two men and a boy, for Archelaus Rouncewell is scarcely old enough to be classified as a man when he falls under the influence of Wilmot Borlace, the eccentric syren whose character dominates the book. She has married mainly because she is tired of single life, and although the union with the village doctor starts without any love on her side, she has an idea that she can make him into a hero. What opportunities for heroism he could have found in a dull Cornish village it is difficult to say; but Wilmot is, nevertheless, disappointed, and after a dangerous flirtation with Archelaus, "takes on" with a Roger Hannaford, and is about to elope with him when conscience, aided by the intervention of a disreputable woman, Johanna, saves her, and she returns to her husband, repentant and ashamed. Then follows a period of penance, for Dr. Borlace has to leave Challacombe, and he deliberately selects another village where there is a plague of sickness. Here Wilmot works out her salvation, and when the end of the book is reached we find that everybody concerned has also come to a haven of rest and satisfaction. This is necessarily a very brief sketch of the plot, but it will suffice to show that Miss Willocks depends more upon her own skill in delineating and analysing character than in describing the sensational or the morbid. The fact that she has not avoided the conventional happy ending and has yet been successful indicates her genuine strength. A writer who can justify the conventional is an artist in words, and Miss Willocks deserves this distinction. She can be epigrammatic without being superficial, and she can moralise without being prosy. Her descriptions of scenery are amongst the finest passages in the book, even if they fall short of her incisive phrases when dealing with the small hypocrisies of human minds. One sentence may be quoted; that summing up the fanatical devotion which we call "a mother's love." Mrs. Rouncewell, one of the subsidiary characters, is made to say, "Every new child a woman gets is like a new patent medicine: she always thinks it will do something wonderful for her, and it never does." Miss Willocks will be told that she shows the "Hardy influence," but this will be an injustice. Talent such as hers was not and never could be acquired in any of the ready-made schools of fiction. It bears the stamp of originality.

*The Wife's Revenge.* By GEORGE R. SIMS. (Chatto & Windus, 2s. 6d. net.)

WE can see him now that aged Baronet, in the present case Sir Mark Brettingham, of Draycott Hall, Kent, as the curtain rolls up. His hair is white, aged, and his features, which he inherits from a long line of ancestors, are drawn with pain. "Yes, Harold," he says to his sympathetic son, who is equally well-known to all theatre-goers, "there is a dread secret in my life," and in broken tones he proceeds to disclose it. Nobody will be surprised to learn that the first wife of Sir Mark Brettingham, a governess whom he had married in his young officer days in India, left him in a fit of mad jealousy taking with her to England their baby son. In England she sank to the life of a tramp, left that baby boy in a barn, and died in a workhouse. The boy, the heir to the baronetcy and to the broad acres of "one of the fairest estates that lie among the Kentish hills" (fine question for a school-boy: Name the chief hills in Kent?), is brought up by the former, who owns the barn, and by his wife. Needless to

say that one of the sons is bad, very bad, while the other is virtuous. Very needful to say, however, that in this case the true heir, the son of the mad governess, is the bad one, and he is horrid. He robs the farmer, runs away, enlists, forges his officer's name, is convicted and consigned to Dartmoor. Enter Bertram Hank, private detective, formerly of Scotland Yard. He has, as usual, not a trait missing. The reader will learn with deep gratification that he assiduously tends the flowers in the customary back-garden. Him Sir Mark has employed to find out if his lost son is alive. Hank discovers the young convict in Dartmoor, enables him to escape, and brings him to London and the prospect of twenty thousand a year, out of which Hank is to be liberally rewarded. Of course the baronet dies, after a few chapters, of the malady which pricked his conscience regarding the missing son. The son enters upon his legal own, and the widowed Lady Brettingham and her son take a fond and heart-broken farewell of the ancient acres. But—act iii.—the new baronet is an escaped convict, and he has a wife; and, further, the police know he has a wife. That wife is the sweetest and most charming young woman that ever rambled through a melodrama. Although out of place, let us reveal that in the end she marries a young and clever novelist who fell in love with her in the boarding-house in Kennington. In the same boarding-house lives the well-known maid-of-all-work, Petunia—her father was a gardener and named her after his favourite flower—and 'Tunia has a policeman for temporary young man. This comic relief cheers the heart like balm in sermon-time. Well, detective Hank gets rid of the past of the new baronet by putting up a gravestone in a country churchyard to the memory of John Wilson, the said baronet's name while unknown and a convict, and that baronet sets up as a young man about town in London, and engages himself to marry an actress who used to be in the same millinery shop as his wife, and—there you are. The villain meets his doom, and the virtuous are rewarded. Everything is as wildly familiar as it should be, and the price is half a crown, net, from Messrs. Chatto and Windus, or of all booksellers. It shows one how true after all is melodrama, for is not the author, Mr. G. R. Sims, said to be one of the first authorities on how people live in London? Has he not studied the question profoundly; and does anybody dare think that he would re-write this venerable tale, endeared to the minds of so many thousands of theatre-goers and novel-readers, at the low price of two shillings and sixpence net, while Miss Marie Corelli gets six shillings, subject to discount, if it were not true, or at least probable? No; that baronet, that missing son, that private detective, that deluded but most amiable wife are the very fibres of the being of the British public. And seeing that the Adelphi Theatre has closed its doors on melodrama, it is refreshing to find the glorious tradition of our ancient fiction so faithfully continued in a book. May Mr. Sims live to write the story anew on many more occasions; and may readers never fail to encourage the old, old tale and its tellers, whoever they may be. English literature must not perish.

*One or Two.* By THEO DOUGLAS. (Brown, Langham, 6s.)

THE authoress of this book did well to take the vague and imperfectly understood science of spiritualism as the basis on which to found her story, for by no other means could she have found an excuse for such an extraordinary plot. Mrs. Bethune, as the result of following the advice of one "beyond the veil," manages to bring about an incarnation of her former self. Her husband, whom she has not seen for some years, suddenly returns from India and finds awaiting him an apparently middle-aged woman who bears but a faint resemblance to the wife from whom he parted, and the young girl whom he wooed in the old days. The inevitable happens. He falls in love with the bride of his youth, practically disowns the real wife, who conveniently dies, and all ends well.

*The Secret of Moor Cottage.* By H. R. CROMARSH. (Ward, Lock, 6s.)

ACCORDING to the Virginian in the book of that name the author of a detective story plays a game with his reader. If he succeeds in maintaining the mystery until the last chapter he wins; but if on the other hand the reader guesses the secret early in the book, the author has lost. Judged by this method Mr. Cromarsh is fairly successful. There is no certain clue to the mystery at all, until it is deliberately explained. When this is done the book should naturally end, but unfortunately Mr. Cromarsh has chosen to gather up the threads and in two chapters gives the subsequent history of such of the characters as are left living. This is a distinct blemish, which might easily have been avoided. Of the book itself it may be said that it is neither better nor worse than many another of its class. It is certainly not as good as "The House on The Marsh," but it compares very favourably with many modern "successes." A lonely cottage on a Yorkshire moor is quite a good setting for a "mystery," and Mr. Cromarsh uses this material for all it is worth. In it he places what are locally equally mysterious inhabitants. Any stranger is a mystery in a country place, and an uncommunicative stranger is naturally an object of still greater suspicion. The Clarke family certainly fulfil every requirement for Mr. Cromarsh's purpose. They are strangers; they know no one; they make no friends; and are by no means eager to disclose any past that they may have had. Another mysterious stranger, who might be mistaken for the hero if he only married the heroine, interests himself in the cottage, and by his mistaken zeal hastens the culminating tragedy. Then, as has been said, the mystery is fully explained; and then, to the great disappointment of the reader, it transpires that, so far as the book itself is concerned, there is no real mystery at all. It is all ancient history. A Russian Count has been killed by his wife. The police are in pursuit of the Count's private Secretary, and suspect the inquisitive stranger. But neither the real secretary nor the Countess really appear in the book at all. The latter certainly exists, but no suspicion of her existence is aroused until the explanation is made. The characters who are known to the reader, are not really mysterious at all, nor are they in any way criminal, except in so far as they conceal the guilty Countess. This will assuredly be a disappointment to readers, for lovers of this style of novel like to have a personal acquaintance with the criminal of fiction, however much they avoid him in real life. They will also be not altogether pleased with Mr. Cromarsh's method. Instead of allowing the mystery to deepen gradually and then resolve itself equally gradually, he chooses to tell his story through the medium of two different characters, one of whom sets down the facts while the other explains them. This personal method of narrative is not altogether desirable, even when the same person is the "I" all the way through; it is distinctly undesirable when there is more than one "I" to be reckoned with.

*The Secret of the Square.* By WILLIAM LE QUEUX. (White, 6s.)

THE fault we have to find with the "Secret of the Square" is, that after the first ten chapters, to the moderately intelligent reader it is a secret no longer. We find a mysterious stranger hovering outside a certain mansion in a dark square, we learn that the house in question is occupied by a rising physician and that the young doctor's bitter enemy, a wicked stockbroker, lives in the same "block." When, after a sensational jewel robbery from a country house in which doctor and stockbroker are guests, the stolen gems are discovered in the table drawer of the former, we are not surprised to hear that his enemy has put them there. With the aid of the police and a stalwart though somewhat bungling friend, the doctor proves his own innocence and unmasks the

villain, who turns out to be a successful burglar in disguise and meets with a well deserved, and singularly unpleasant, end.

## DRAMA

### THE STAGE SOCIETY

THE production of *Les Hennetons* by the Stage Society at the Imperial Theatre last Monday provided a very interesting afternoon's entertainment. At first sight the play seems to reveal M. Brieux in a new phase. Brieux the preacher, Brieux the propagandist, seems to have given place to Brieux the man of the world, who finds in human weaknesses a theme for laughter rather than for moral indignation. But I am afraid the change is more apparent than real and those good people who are always so angry with M. Brieux for preaching and who would welcome with enthusiasm his conversion from earnestness to levity are doomed to disappointment. M. Brieux is as earnest as ever only he has disguised his sermon more cunningly than ever. "Life does not cease to be serious because people laugh," says somebody in *The Doctor's Dilemma*. Nor does M. Brieux cease to be serious because he makes his audience laugh. M. Brieux writes his plays because he has something to say, in *Blanchette* about education, in *Les Bienfaiteurs* about philanthropy, in *Les Trois Filles de M. Dupont* and *Maternité* about marriage. In *Les Hennetons* he has something to say too though on this occasion he says it in the key of farce.

The story of *Les Hennetons* is this. Pierre, an ordinary selfish sensual sort of man, neither better nor worse than the average, is living with Charlotte to whom he is not married. He explains with engaging frankness to a friend the beauty of this arrangement. It has the advantages of matrimony without its drawbacks. The boredom of respectability, the cares and expenses of a family are avoided while there is some one waiting for you when you come home in the evening to warm your slippers or look after the dinner. Unfortunately this method of ordering your life, which sounds so excellent in theory, breaks down hopelessly in practice. Charlotte is capricious and unreasonable and has the temper of a fiend. She makes her lover far more uncomfortable than any wife would dare to do and yet he cannot leave her. Her hold upon his senses is too strong. However, there comes a day, a joyous day, in Act II., when he finds himself a free man again. There has been an even more violent quarrel than usual between the pair and she has left him. Poor Pierre heaves a sigh of relief and thanks heaven for the chance of single blessedness again. But alas his freedom is short-lived. Finding that he shows no desire to have her back and actually returns her letters unopened, Charlotte at once desires to come back. Her method of doing so is ingenious. She throws herself into the Seine from the Pont Neuf in an ostentatious manner and when rescued gives Pierre's address. She is borne, very wet and draggled, to Pierre's flat by a sympathetic crowd. Pierre in vain pleads that she has left him and has no longer any claim to occupy his premises. His protests are ignored, he is even rebuked for his heartlessness, he has to pay the boatman who rescued her an extravagant sum for his services, and when the curtain falls Charlotte is once more firmly established on his hearth. We have a dismal certainty that she will take good care never to be got rid of again.

One can picture how the average playwright, the dramatist without a mission, would have treated this theme. He would have been irresponsible and frivolous and suggestive and light-hearted. The tragic side of this sort of irregular *ménage* would never have been hinted at. And in the last act, if the lovers were reunited, we should have only been shown the absurd spectacle of the prisoner hugging his chains, the amorous forgetting past misery and joyfully welcoming back his tyrant. But M. Brieux has a

mission. And so in place of a light-hearted flippancy of this kind he gives us a tragic farce, a farce in which all the laughter (of which there is abundance) and all the rollicking humours, cannot disguise the irony, the hideousness of the central situation. "Men are all beasts. And women—they're queer creatures too," says one of the characters. "Men are all beasts." That is the conclusion of most of the plays of Brieux. But it makes an odd text for a farce.

The acting in the principal parts was extraordinarily good. Miss Mabel Hackney played Charlotte with immense spirit and cleverness and Mr. C. V. France, always specially good in Brieux plays, was admirable as Pierre. He contrived to make one laugh at the man and despise him, and yet pity him in turn, and sometimes all at once; and that is what Brieux intended. To have succeeded in carrying out that intention was a great feat. Miss Dora Barton, Mr. Edmund Gwenn and Mr. Nigel Playfair were also excellent. The reception on Sunday night was enthusiastic.

ST. J. H.

#### AESCHYLUS AND BARKER AT TERRY'S THEATRE

THE Literary Theatre Society gave a most interesting matinée on Saturday afternoon. The experiment in dramatic metre, as Mr. Granville Barker describes his little one-act play, *A Miracle*, made an admirable prologue to *The Persians*. It created an atmosphere of mysterious aloofness, from which the imagination settled with comparative ease upon the ancient Greeks, and the lesson which Aeschylus desired to give them in their hour of victory. For the Miracle is of no time, and the place is a top-room in a turret-tower. It is a beautiful fancy; but the fancy has not been caught and happily expressed. Quite rightly it is vague and mysterious but the mystery is managed too deliberately; the situation ought to have produced it as naturally as a flower its perfume. Probability is not ignored quietly but with defiance. Baptista has been hidden away for her ugliness in a turret-room: she is a hunchback but she has a beautiful spirit; she understands the beauty of sacrifice. To her comes Margaret in the pride of beauty—and she is about to die. The virtue has gone out of her. As she tells Baptista the story of her loveless life, and how death is even now upon her, the idea comes to Baptista that all her life's pain would be rewarded if she could give her understanding of love to this glorious child of beauty; and she prays to the Virgin that her spirit may pass into Margaret. And the Virgin grants her prayer. She kisses the dead lips, and dies; and Margaret revives to new life. The piece was very pleasantly rendered by Miss Fraser and Miss Bishop, and the colour-scheme of the room in the high turret was a constant delight to the eye.

Mr. Ricketts was even more successful in the effect he gained with the dresses and scenery in *The Persians*. He makes Mr. Gordon Craig's theories of staging practical: the beauty of the scenery helped the effect of the play immeasurably. The one fault was that the brazier did not give out sufficient light, and in consequence the stage was too long wrapped in darkness, which the brazier's feeble glow did not lighten, but made visible. The beauty of the scenery creates a standard up to which the players must live. Anything little or undignified of appearance or movement becomes doubly apparent before such a background. Dignity and beauty, however, are enhanced by it. It was impossible not to feel that, in Miss Penelope Wheeler's performance of the Queen Atossa. Her playing of the part was remarkable for its beauty and delicate strength. Every gesture was carefully studied and rendered with quiet effectiveness. Though her movements were cramped by the smallness of the stage they were always stately—she moved like a

Queen. Moreover, she spoke her lines with absolute understanding. When Atossa learns the news of her son's disgrace, she stoops for a moment from her pride to ask the old men not to deal harshly with him. Miss Wheeler conveyed the pathos of the Queen's sorrow at that moment with great beauty. She was not well supported. It has been said of Mr. Robert Farquharson that he either hits the mark or misses it. There is nothing intermediate for him. As Herod in *Salome* he hit: as the Messenger he missed. Mr. Arthur Way and Mr. Frederick Morland were good as the first and third leaders of the Chorus. The appearance of the ghost of Darius was exceedingly well managed; and Mr. Lewis Cusson, who played the part, spoke his lines in a fine voice with distinction.

H. DE S.

#### FINE ART

##### TRAITS AND TENDENCIES AT SUFFOLK STREET

LIKE the pianist of pathetic memory, Mr. Alfred East is so obviously trying to do his best with the society over which he last year was called upon to preside, that the second exhibition under his auspices at Suffolk Street seems hardly a fair mark for the critical sharpshooter. Although the bulk of the work shown is of too commonplace a character to justify an optimistic view of the society's immediate future, signs of improvement are visible in the current exhibition. It is true the improvement for the present is not so much in the things shown as in the manner of the showing, since it is less easy for the president to change his material than to make the best show he can with the material at his disposal. Real improvement can only come when the British artists have the courage to throw out the weakest work of their weaker brothers, and call in the strongest outside talent they are able to attract.

None the less what was able to be done and has been done deserves acknowledgment. A very few years ago the work of Messrs. J. D. Fergusson, Fred F. Footett, and Wynford Dewhurst was badly skied or hidden in dark corners. Now to these and other of the more promising members places of honour have been assigned in the principal gallery. Grouped together Mr. Footett's large landscape, *The Passing of Spring* (228), and Mr. Dewhurst's *Blossom Time*; *Valley of Argaeas* (226) and *Barriers of the Cotes du Nord* (229) give an air of distinction to the south wall on which they are hung, and set an example of honest endeavour if not of actual achievement. Mr. Footett's one exhibit is not, perhaps, the best thing he has done, and the mysterious draped figure in his meadow might have been omitted with happier effect. But taken as a whole, the work is an attractive variation of his favourite colour-scheme of blues and greens and white, and is a personal and romantic rendering of the moment in the early morning when the earth is nearly clear of mist. Equally characteristic of the artist is Mr. Dewhurst's daring record of pink blossom against a blue-green background, a favourite scheme which skirts and escapes the border of perilous sugariness. Not quite so successful in its observance of values and less attractive in the quality of its paint, Mr. Dewhurst's seascape is an honestly seen and directly painted impression, recalling in its prismatic colours the marines of Renoir rather than those of Monet, whom Mr. Dewhurst is popularly but erroneously said to have ever as his model.

Effective as these works seem in relation to the many commonplace and weakly imitative landscapes, they do not mark so distinct an individual advance as *The Mauve Feather* (247) of Mr. J. D. Fergusson, one of the best portraits that has yet come from his brush, built up solidly with an economy of sure strokes, yet securing

freshness and spontaneity in the end without any swaggering display of the means. *The Fur Hat* (351) and a third girl-portrait, *Light Effect* (321), are not carried so far and are less reticent in their art, but they are refreshing as straightforward records of a personal vision. Gracious in colour, Mr. Fergusson's *In the Castle Gardens, Dunoon: Evening* (254) is a pleasant tribute to the memory of Whistler's Cremorne, but too derivative to do full justice to the original powers of this promising young Scotsman.

If the president appears to lean for hopes of present success on these three artists—whose work, if not faultless, has a way of making that of their fellow exhibitors look tired and laboured in comparison—he also may be suspected of looking towards Cornwall as his future hope. At the two elections since his presidency, Cornish painters have been conspicuously successful, and the latest recruit from this quarter, Mr. W. Elmer Schofield, makes a very creditable *début* with a fair-sized snow-effect, *Winter* (195), pleasant in the quality of the paint, decorative in the arrangement of the bare trees through which are seen the gray-green river in the middle distance and the snow-clad plains stretching to the horizon. The values, if not actually faulty, are a little lacking in subtlety; but the painting is full of promise, and evokes a wintry feeling by an appeal direct to nature without the intervention of any other painter. Another recent recruit from Cornwall, Mr. Louis Crier, is represented by a nocturne, *The Pool of Sleep* (249), romantic in conception and capably executed, but a shade too black and a little near Böcklin to give complete satisfaction. Blue night-effects are also given in *The Haven Under the Hill* (246), by Mr. Tom Robertson, a painter of poetic feeling who always seems on the point of a great achievement, and in a still more indigo marine, *Night* (241), in which we dimly discern a tug and sailing-vessel, by Mr. Arch H. Elphinstone, who does not quite fulfil this year the promise of last.

Mr. Graham Robertson's portrait, *Turquoise and Silver*, contains among its well-painted accessories an admirable rendering of mother-of-pearl inlays. The work of this accomplished artist deserves higher praise than is usually accorded to it. In low or brilliant tones he shows a sense of colour peculiarly his own. His drawing is accurate and spirited, and his power of composition evident in all his work. It is to be hoped that the fascination which he feels for book-illustration—a fascination which his illustrations equally exercise—will not divert too much of his time from oil-painting. Mr. W. Kneen's carefully characterised and discreetly coloured portrait of *A Huntsman* (340), and Mr. Lewis G. Fry's two rural subjects, *A Threshing Gang* (339) and *A Saw-Mill* (336), faulty in parts but praiseworthy in right endeavour and in sober record of effects of light and beauties of colour, are among the most distinctive of the remaining oil pictures. Among the water-colours little calls for comment. Mr. Louis Weirter honestly and not ineffectively tackles a Melville subject in *A Matinée at the Hippodrome* (114), and Mr. Romilly Fedden makes a bid for distinction with his originally seen hoarding, *Advertisements* (134), but the majority of the practitioners sadly maltreat their medium, troubling their colour till all freshness and purity is lost. The most satisfactory works in this section are Mr. John Muirhead's *The Road from the Ferry* (55), and the two contributions from the president, whose water-colours are often more distinctive than his oils. In both his water-colours (9, 13) Mr. East essays bright sunny effects with some success, but in both the sky is put in crudely and comes too far forward. There is a juster observation of values in his one oil picture, *A Winter's Dawn*, in which a stretch of flat country is very accurately rendered and interpreted with sincere emotion. Far more truthful and less artificially arranged than most of his later landscapes, this austere vision of a desolate land has a strength which attests a real advance on the part of the painter, and raises a hope that he is breaking away from a self-imposed convention which, however attractive, has long seemed to bar his way from further progress.

## MUSIC

### THE NEW GROVE'S DICTIONARY—VOLUME III

THOSE musicians, professional and amateur, who are eager to possess the complete new edition of Grove's Dictionary (and who among us is not?) are inclined to grumble at its slow appearance, volume by volume: but any one who takes the trouble to make a detailed analysis of the new work which the third volume contains, is likely to change his point of view somewhat. The second volume, covering the letters F to L, appeared fairly early in last year; the ACADEMY of May 19 contained a review of it, scarcely eleven months since. Even supposing that the third volume was well on its way when the second was issued, the vast amount of work which the revision of the letters M to P has contained makes it surprising that it should be completed so soon.

The contents may be roughly classified upon a basis of length into three kinds: first-grade articles, which deal with important musical subjects or biographies, and range from six to sixty, or even seventy pages of double-column print; second-grade articles of a page and upwards, and notes, varying from four lines to a column or so. In a notice of this kind there is a temptation to refer only to articles of the first grade on the supposition that they contain the most important contributions, but to do so is manifestly unfair. Many of the shorter, second-grade articles contain the compressed results of profound research, while in the notes the editor exercises one of his most important functions. It must be said that few of the new notes, whether written by the editor, Mr. J. A. Fuller Maitland or others, have that grace of brevity for which those by Sir George Grove were distinguished, for the latter had the rare gift of going to the root of a matter in a single sentence. Of the value of most of the new information, however, there can be no doubt. One of the main difficulties of bringing such a work as this up to date is to know who and what among present-day persons and things is of sufficient permanence to be worth recording. It is evident that, at any rate as far as the biographical notes are concerned, the editor has preferred to include all who are of interest at the present time, or who have given evidence that their work may become of permanent value. This is a generous standpoint, but in some cases it has had the result of bringing into the dictionary details of the early careers of a number of persons who have as yet scarcely merited the honour, and who might as well be found in "Who's who" and such-like publications. Of the second-grade articles we can mention only a few which are either new or have received such material alterations and additions as to take rank as original work. Mr. R. A. Streatfeild has contributed a biography of Mascagni, which, since the writer has quite as low an opinion of Mascagni's compositions as most educated musicians take, seems rather disproportionately long. Mr. Alexis Chitty has done much valuable work in the field of short biographical notices, while Mrs. Rosa Newmarsh's writing on Russian composers is important as an instance of special study, well applied. Mr. H. E. Krehbiel has written a concise article on the American composer MacDowell, as well as interesting ones on "New York Musical Societies," and opera in the United States, while Mr. D. J. Blaikley again has dealt cleverly with such articles on wind instruments as fall within the scope of the volume, such as "oboe," "ophicleide," etc.

While it is true that the efficiency of the work as a musical dictionary depends upon the careful and accurate treatment of these and like subjects, the old "Grove" had another aspect which was no less important. Besides its value as an encyclopædia of musical learning, it contained a number of essays of deep critical insight and high literary value, either dealing with the lives and works of the greatest geniuses of the past or with wider historical subjects. In the section covered by this volume were "Mendelssohn" by Sir George Grove, "Opera,"

"Oratorio," "Plain-song," and other articles by W. S. Rockstro, "Mozart," by C. F. Pohl. The first of these happily remains with very little alteration; Mr. F. G. Edwards has added some details, chiefly in connection with the English episodes of Mendelssohn's career. Few things strike one so forcibly in looking over the dictionary as the indefatigable nature of the work which Rockstro accomplished for its first edition. It is of such sterling quality that generally it has been deemed wise to keep it and add to it rather than to replace it. In the cases of opera and oratorio, however, the rapid march of modern events and the still more rapid change of modern outlook upon the subjects, has necessarily called for very extensive additions. Rockstro's work has been placed under the headings of "Classical Opera," and "Ancient Oratorio" and the history of "Modern Opera" and "Modern Oratorio" has been undertaken by Mr. Streatfeild and Dr. Ernest Walker respectively. Mr. Streatfeild's work is a faithful history, though we should be glad of something more illuminating on the subjects of the modern French and Italian Schools; the latter is, however, augmented by the same writer's article on Puccini, and that on Mascagni, already mentioned. Nowhere does he display very clear critical insight and he appears to share with certain other English writers the fallacious idea that it is popular taste for foreign opera that strangles the efforts of native composers in this direction. In strong contrast to this is Dr. Ernest Walker's clear and penetrating article on "Modern Oratorio." It is not only by far the most important critical utterance amongst the new work of this volume, it is the only one which rises to the same level as the articles of Rockstro, Sir Hubert Parry and others, which made the first edition the greatest monument of English musical criticism. Dr. Walker parts the true from the false in dealing with Handel, Mendelssohn and the English attitude towards oratorio in a way which would be ruthless were it less just. Each composer is truly placed according as his oratorios have been important in the development of the form, and while of course Dr. Walker's view is entirely emancipated from old-fashioned standards of judgment, he is equally superior to the extravagance of the reactionary critic. It seems a pity that so lucid and forcible an essay upon a subject of such general interest should not find wider distribution than can be hoped for it in so large a work.

The article on Mozart is emended by Mr. Hadow, chiefly in two notes. The first, on Mozart's place in the development of the concerto, is so direct and to the point that one cannot but wish, as in the second volume, that his share had been larger. The second note is a wonderfully complete catalogue of the portraits of Mozart. There are other first-grade articles which should receive more than a passing word; Dr. Abdy Williams's account of notation, Mr. Thomas Elliston's additions to Dr. Hopkins's article on the organ, and the editor's contribution on piano-playing and on Purcell are among the most important. Unfortunately, however, we must be content to take a rapid survey of the principal contents of volume iii., and to close this notice with a whole-hearted expression of admiration for the way in which the work is being carried through. Such a task is beset with complexities which make it in some ways even more difficult than that of the compiler. It has been planned upon a broad, general scheme, and carried out with fine discrimination and sense of proportion.

H. C. C.

#### FORTHCOMING BOOKS

A VOLUME recording the visit of the Eighty Club to Hungary in September of last year will shortly be published by Mr. Fisher Unwin under the title of "Hungary: Its People, Places and Politics." The writers are various members of the deputation. Mr. Unwin also announces a new edition of Signor Fogazzaro's novel, "The Woman (Malombra)," and a work

entitled "Sex and Society" by Mr. William Thomas, Professor of Sociology in the University of Chicago.

Messrs. Methuen announce a new edition of Mr. W. B. Maxwell's book "The Countess of Maybury."—The next volume of the Arden edition of Shakespeare to be published by Messrs. Methuen will be "King John." The Notes and Introduction have been supplied by Mr. Ivor B. John, who had the assistance of the late Mr. W. J. Craig in preparing the book.—Miss Betham-Edwards's entertaining book "Home Life in France," is now to be issued in a cheaper form.—Sir Oliver Lodge's book "The Substance of Faith allied with Science: a Catechism for Parents and Teachers" was published about a fortnight ago by Messrs. Methuen and has already reached its fifth edition.

"The Art of Counterpoint and its application as a decorative principle" by Dr. C. H. Kitson, will be published after Easter by the Oxford University Press. The author points out that those who have had some experience in teaching the science of Music will have found that the general crudity of students' work in applied counterpoint, that is, in fugue and in modern polyphonic writing, is due to the ignorance of the origin, premisses and aims of scholastic counterpoint. By showing the historical status of this and by tracing principles which are true for all time, Dr. Kitson seeks to prove that scholastic counterpoint is the foundation of all progress under harmonic conditions.

Messrs. Watts and Co. are issuing a second and revised edition of "The Churches and Modern Thought."

Mr. G. H. Lewes has written, and Messrs. Greening are publishing a book dealing with "Goethe's Life at Weimar" during the years 1775-1779. The book contains much new information, and is a valuable contribution to Goethe literature.—"The Scarlet Pimpernel," which, both as book and play, has had an immense success, is now to be issued by Messrs. Greening and Co. in cloth covers, with illustrated frontispiece, at a shilling.

Mr. Andrew Lang is editing an interesting book for Messrs. Jack entitled "Poets' Country." The contributors include Professor Churton Collins, Mr. W. J. Loftie, Mr. E. H. Coleridge, and others, and will deal with the various places in Britain associated with the poets, tracing their indebtedness to nature and their own immediate environment. The feature of this book will be its fine series of reproductions from coloured drawings by Mr. F. S. Walker who has recently travelled all over the country identifying and depicting the sacred places of the poets. The book will be issued in May.

The new portion of the "Oxford English Dictionary" issued by the Oxford University Press is a triple section by Dr. Murray, and it extends from Piper to Polygenistic—5536 words illustrated by 20,848 quotations. Among the more important words are Play (17 columns), Plough, Plum-pudding and Police. Special mention may be made of Point, which in English represents two French and Romanic words, never confused in those languages; about 88 senses in which this word is used as a substantive are given, as if, Dr. Murray remarks, to satirise the Euclidean definition "a point is that which hath no parts." The total number of words in the Oxford Dictionary so far as it has gone is 215,128, illustrated by no fewer than 1,024,554 quotations.

Messrs. Jack announce a new series of books entitled "The Library of the Soul." These will consist of carefully edited selections of the greatest devotional writers, and will include volumes on "St. Augustine," by the Bishop of Southampton, "Thomas à Kempis," by the Bishop of Ripon, "St. Francis de Sales," by Mr. Baring-Gould, "Savonarola," by Canon Benham, "Cardinal Newman," by Wilfrid Meynell, and others.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton announce the early publication of "The Man of the World," the second of Fogazzaro's famous trilogy of novels. The story is concerned with the earlier life of Piero Maironi, afterwards "The Saint," and carries the narrative down to the issues—social, religious and political—of the present time.

#### CORRESPONDENCE

##### "THE DANCE OF MACABRE"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In the ACADEMY of December 29 A. H. Mayhew asks for the etymology of *macabre*. Many years ago I also thought that the word was derived from the Arabic *magbareh*, plur. *magabir*, a graveyard, burial-ground; but I have never been able to find out how the word could have come to France, and, besides, what could have been the *raison d'être* of a "grave-

yard dance?" The Germans called it *Todtentanz*, the "dance of Death." Representations, more or less theatrical, of the dance by monks and others are mentioned in the twelfth century. The earliest pictorial representations of the dance date from the first quarter of the fourteenth century, I believe; Holbein's *Todtentanz*, a series of forty wood-cuts, was first published in 1538 by the brothers Trechsel, of Lyons, with the title, "Les simulacres et historiées faces de la mort"; the series was also called *imagines mortis*—why not *Danse Macabre*? Littré (Dict., Paris, 1873, vol. iii, sub. v. *Macabre*) is against the derivation from the Arabic and is in favour of *Machabée*, the correct form, he thinks, as in *chorea machabaeorum* quoted by Ducange. In the *Supplément*, which appeared in 1886 with a preface dated 1877, Littré has: pour surcroît de preuve à l'étymologie de macabré pour machabée: XII. siècle: Dedans la cambre l'ont mené: Très le tans Judas Macabré; ne fut veue autresi faite.—*Perceval le Gallois*; where *macabré* evidently stands for *machabée*. In French argot *machabée* also signifies "a corpse," or, as we might say, "a stiff-un."

A. HOUTUM-SCHINDLER.

Tehran, Persia,  
February 28.

#### A PROPOSED REFORM IN THE STUDY OF GENERAL SOCIOLOGY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR.—The Belgian Society of Sociology has already given many proofs of its activity, the latest of which is the production of a new journal, entitled "Le Mouvement sociologique international." The first number of this periodical has just been published by De Wit, of Brussels. The leading contribution to it is from the pen of M. Cyrille van Overbergh, the Chief Secretary in the Department of Public Instruction and a well-known authority on all questions of higher education. Mr. van Overbergh asks the question: "Why sociologists should not adopt the practice of comparative study which has been introduced by several recent international congresses?" He follows up his question by stating what cannot be denied, that the diversity of systems and the variety of terminologies perplex the public and make it disinclined to take up the science of sociology. Only synthetic minds freed from the trammels of the schools have, after protracted analysis, discovered under different phrases the same common ideas. They have compared the positive parts of systems and laws, and they build up little by little a new science. In order that the convictions formed by these few diligent workers should pass into the spirit of the partisans of different schools and of conscientious and independent seekers of the truth everywhere, it seems to Mr. van Overbergh that the best means of attaining this end would be to reconstruct, for the information of all, the demonstrations made by a few students and to discover a simple and practical procedure which would permit any one to acquire full knowledge at any moment of the work in course of realisation down to its smallest details.

Mr. van Overbergh's plan, briefly put, is that this procedure might take the form of a list of questions, both general and precise, of which he has drawn up a plan. He suggests that the answers should be given in the first place by the voluntary collaboration of authors, and that secondly the work would be helped by the accidental collaboration in giving these answers which would result in the eventual rectification of the work done, or in supplying information otherwise lacking; while lastly, through interesting by their own participation in the work their best pupils or truth-seeking specialists a continuance of the record would be assured. These answers should, he contends, be published periodically and in such a way that each of the persons using this inventory might always be able to complete it and to subdivide its contents so as to suit his own special study. With a view of putting his finger on the possible result of such an investigation in the science of general sociology, Mr. van Overbergh gives an instance of the kind of application to which he would subject his system, and for this he selects the treatise of "Pure Sociology," by Lester F. Ward, the well-known American sociologist. That work, as is generally admitted, is very obscure. In a series of tables systematically drawn up Mr. van Overbergh gives from this work the answers to the first six questions in his interrogatory, which are (1) definition of sociology, (2) history, (3) its place in the classification of science, (4) method, (5) classification of social structures, and (6) how they are formed. The answers supplied by the author bring out the real teaching and essence of Mr. Ward's book, and go far to demonstrate the practical value of the new method proposed.

If it has been possible to dissect with so much precision

Ward's cumbrous and involved treatise, a similar task with regard to the works of Comte, Marx, Spencer and others would be relatively easy. The "Mouvement sociologique international" will continue to publish these analyses of sociological systems. When the work has been carried out by the aid of all leading sociologists, men of science will find themselves in possession of a unique collection of documents which will supply them with such complete information on each question that they will only have to compare the several elements to note where they agree or disagree, and to weigh the arguments for each before arriving logically and with full knowledge at their conclusions. But in order that the proposal of Mr. van Overbergh may be crowned with success it is necessary that the sociologists of the whole world should lend him their support. He therefore invites their co-operation and will be glad to hear from all interested in the question at either the office of the organ of the Society of Sociology or the Department of Public Instruction in Brussels.

D. B.

#### A QUESTION OF BIOGRAPHY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR.—Mr. Thomas Wright, in a letter appearing in your issue of the 20th instant, refers approvingly to his own "Life of Sir Richard Burton."

Any one who has read that diffuse and curious work will realise that it is really an attempt to exalt the comparatively obscure Mr. John Payne at the expense of the famous Richard Burton. In all Mr. Wright's "Biographies" he seems possessed with the idea that his hero has "cribbed" from some mysterious entity. In Burton's case it was a Payne, in Pater's career there appears to be a Jackson.

*Hinc illæ lachrymæ!*

WALTER PHELPS DODGE.

March 25.

#### "AS MANY LIVES AS PLUTARCH"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR.—Professor Tyrrell last week gave an excellent *gaffe* of an Irish peasant who thought Plutarch was a cat-like possessor, not inditer, of lives. Our local *Ouest-Eclair* here in Brittany, the other day, speaking of assassination, called the swordsman "Ce jeune Damocles," an exactly parallel "howler."

Not quite similar, but good in their *genre*, are the actual *Ministre des cultes*, with his confusion of *Le combat des trente* and *Le concile de Trente*; the *Ministre des Colonies*, with his attribution to botany of *La Grande Comore* (France has just annexed the Comores); the translators of Mgr. Montaquin's papers, who took Cardinal Parrochi for "parishes"; the *Times*, which the other day said that a certain act was putting the "needle in the camel's eye," and the *Daily Mail*, which, in August last, reduced the Ten Plagues of Egypt to seven.

H. H. JOHNSON.

Université de Rennes,

March 25.

#### THE CENTENARY OF POE'S BIRTH

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR.—In your front page of current issue it is said that the centenary of Poe's birth has been celebrated in America, together with those of Longfellow, Hawthorne and Emerson. Hawthorne was born in 1804 and Emerson in 1803, and Longfellow in 1807, so the birth centenaries of the two former are long past; but surely there is an error as to Poe. He was only born in 1809, so we are two years yet from his centenary.

May I ask your readers a question as to *Vannessa*'s age? Chambers says she was born in 1692, which would make her thirty-one only when she died in 1723; but Sheridan in his "Life of Swift" makes her thirty-six in 1721, which would throw her birth back to 1685, would it not? and make her thirty-seven or thirty-eight at her death. Stella died in 1727-28, I fancy. I should be very glad to know the exact dates here.

F. B. DOVETON.

[It is a generally admitted fact that Poe was not born till 1809. Our note was based on an article in the *Atlantic Monthly* by Mr. Bliss Perry, in which that gentleman stated that the hundredth anniversary of Poe's birth had been "duly celebrated." Is this another example of American "hustling"? It is "up to" Mr. Perry to explain.—ED.]

"THE POSITION OF LANDSCAPE IN PAINTING AND IN MODERN ART CRITICISM"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR.—With much that the "Man in the Street" says under the above heading, in your issue of March 23, all must agree: but I strongly disagree with the position he assigns the landscape painter. As a painter of both figures and landscapes I am in a position to give an unbiased opinion on this point. There are many people with little or no art training who can blot, daub, smudge or smear colours on paper or canvas and produce sketchy or impressionistic landscapes, who could neither draw nor paint anything correctly; yet if the work is only clumsy enough it will be lauded as "masterly" by certain critics. This kind of landscape painting deserves all that the "Man in the Street" says of it; but when we come to really fine landscape painting, then it should rank with fine figure-work. It requires as high, or a higher, order of intelligence. Historically, landscape painting was a later development; as the problems of figure-painting were comparatively simple compared with the bewildering complexity of landscape. The old masters painted figures vastly better than landscape; and there have been many more great figure-painters than there have been great landscape painters. Gainsborough, a great master, almost divided his time between figures and landscape, yet he painted the former very much better than landscapes.

Light, colour, atmosphere, and the bewildering multiplicity of details present problems of greater complexity than those confronting the figure-painter; and to handle them as Turner did required the very highest genius. My own opinion is that Turner was the greatest genius that ever handled a brush; certainly the rarest.

"Sentimentality" is apt to be little more than a gibe thrown by soulless simpletons at men of finer fibre than themselves. Sentiment is one of the great moving forces of humanity; and without sentiment, feeling, or emotion no work of art can be great. Your correspondent says: "To say that an artist puts feeling into painting is to say that he endows paint with mental characteristics, which is absurd." It is just as absurd, neither more nor less, as to say that a poet puts feeling into his ink and the hieroglyphics he makes with his pen in writing a poem that may express and stir the profoundest emotion. The "Man in the Street" is right in stating that painting requires high intelligence; but it requires some things still higher—inspiration, intuition, feeling, and emotion; the expression of these give that indefinable something we call "poetry" in a painting. The purely intellectual painter, who can explain the why and wherefore of all he is doing, does nothing worth explaining.

Your correspondent has done well to open these questions, as it is time we took our bearings; the "New" movements are now old and bankrupt, having utterly failed to fulfil their promise. What the Newists took for progress is seen to be decadence. Their supporting critics instead of correcting such deplorable blunders have been blinder than the artists; and the "Modernity" movements, as I pointed out years ago, are strictly analogous to Anarchism in the political world. We need a "Higher Criticism" for Art.

E. WAKE COOK.

March 24.

EMERSONIAN PHILOSOPHY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR.—It is not so very long since one of your reviewers had the effrontery (I can call it no less) to stigmatise Haeckel's philosophy as "imposture," and now another of them (or may be the same) is found writing of Emerson's "shoddy optimism" (ACADEMY, March 16, 1907, page 267).

There is the possibility that your critic is hitting at some of Emerson's followers rather than at that great man himself. If that is so, I am not concerned to protest, since I know of no Emersonian school nor even of a distinctively Emersonian philosophy. If, however, your reviewer intends to call "shoddy optimism" that spirit of virility and hope which Emerson's writings breathe, I can only say that such a dictum is astounding.

Surely I have misunderstood your contributor's meaning, else must I perforce suppose that he has profoundly mistaken Emerson.

Emerson's "shoddy optimism"! Emerson "impoverishing the conscience of the English-speaking races"! The more one thinks of them the more utterly silly do such pronouncements appear. It must be that your reviewer never meant his re-

marks to be read in that light; but why, in the name of English conscience, did he not make himself clear?

J. B. WALLIS.

March 23.

"ODE TO A SUNDIAL"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR.—In answer to T. M. L.'s inquiry as to the authorship of "Ode to a Sundial" in the ACADEMY this week, I enclose some verses which appeared in *T.P.'s Weekly* on March 15, 1907, which seems to attribute them to Bernard Barton, the Quaker poet of the last century.

W. F. I.

March 25.

The following are the verses referred to:

TO A SUNDIAL

My ear is pained, my heart is sick,  
When all behind is silent round  
To hear the clock's unvaried click  
Repeat its melancholy sound.

'Tis irksome in the dead of night  
To have Time's progress thus made known,  
And his irrevocable flight  
Proclaimed in such a sullen tone.

Better I love—since time must pass—  
To witness in the light of day  
The noiseless sand-grains in the glass  
By slow succession drop away.

With still more joy to thee I turn,  
Meet horologe for Bard to love;  
Time's sweetest flight from thee I learn,  
Whose love is borrowed from above.

The worldly use of time may need  
Less cumbrous things its course to tell—  
I love thy massive tome to read,  
To read—and—feel its voiceless spell.

I love in some sequester'd nook  
Of antique garden to behold  
The page of thy sun-lighted book  
Its touching homily unfold.

On some old terrace-walk to greet  
Thy form, a sight which never cloy,  
Is more to thought than drink and meat  
To feeling, than Art's costliest toys.

These seem to track the path of time  
By vulgar means which man has given;  
Thou, simple, silent, and sublime,  
But show'st thy shadowy sign from heaven.

BERNARD BARTON.

[R. W. P. also writes to the same effect.—ED.]

"CONSENTANEOUS"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR.—You may be interested to know that Charles Wesley used the word "consentaneous" in a hymn published in his "Hymns and Sacred Poems" (vol. ii. No. 243) in 1749. This carries it back a quarter of a century further than your date. The verse has been omitted from the present Methodist Hymn Book. It is one of the Hymns for Christian Friends:

"See the souls that hang on Thee!  
Sever'd though in flesh we are,  
Join'd in spirit all agree;  
All Thy only love declare;  
Spread Thy love to all around:  
Hark! we now our voices raise!  
Joyful consentaneous sound,  
Sweetest symphony of praise."

JOHN TELFORD.

March 24.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR.—You comment in one of the opening paragraphs of your issue of 23rd inst. on the "rare" word used by Sir

Henry Campbell-Bannerman in his speech on the Women's Suffrage Bill.

It is strange that the daily papers should have been so puzzled—one of them actually taking upon itself to help out the meaning by changing a letter. You yourself date the word from 1774, but a reference to Dr. Murray's "New English Dictionary" shows it to have been used as long ago as 1625.

If we turn to the substantive "consentaneousness," we find it used in Mill's "Liberty" and in Richardson's "Clarissa." The dictionary apart, a fine example of the use of the noun may be cited from a poem by Mr. William Watson, whose passion for rolling words is well known:

"Isled from the fretful hour he stands alone,  
And hears the eternal movement, and beholds  
Above him and around and at his feet,  
In million-billowed consentaneousness,  
The flowing, flowing, flowing of the world."

What, by the way, is this noble singer about in these days? One hears all but nothing of him, and those who have ears to hear regret the silence.

JOHN HOGBEN.

March 25.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

### ART

Muther, Richard. *The History of Painting*. From the Fourth to the Early Nineteenth Century. In two volumes. Each 9×6. Pp. 406, 800. Putnam, n.p.

### FICTION

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